

# JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXI  
1879

**3<sup>D</sup>**  
EVERY  
THURSDAY

**THE  
BATTLE  
AFTER  
VICTORY**  
*by HAROLD LASKI*

**JAPS  
DEFIED  
BY  
CRAZY  
PLANE**

**THINGS  
THAT  
NEED  
NOT  
WAIT**  
*by the EDITOR*

## HE'S SACRIFICED HIS COMFORT



## —HAVE YOU?

We, too, must make sacrifices that hurt. Spending money these days on unnecessary things is, bluntly, just treachery to those who are sacrificing so much. Stop it. Cut it right out. Save the money: put it into the war. Begin NOW.

**Spend less on yourself—**

**Lend more to your country**



## HOME ON LEAVE

Said Corporal to Mrs. Mouse:  
"There is no mirror in the house,  
But 'Mansion' gives a shine so clear  
We need no mirror here, my dear,  
I see myself from top to toe,  
I think I'm very smart you know."

# MANSION

## ANTISEPTIC WAX POLISH

*keeps the home bright and healthy*

FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE AND LINOLEUM

Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4

HP/PM

# TWO'S A CROWD

... when one of them  
has bad breath!



It's not what you think but what others say about your breath that matters. Why not play safe? Use Colgate Dental Cream—the tooth-paste that cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth!

"You see, Colgate's active penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth... helps clean out decaying food particles and stop odour-breeding deposits that cause much bad breath."

YOU'LL SIMPLY  
LOVE THE TANGY  
TASTE OF COLGATES



SCIENTIFIC TESTS  
PROVE THAT IN 7  
OUT OF 10 CASES,  
COLGATE DENTAL  
CREAM INSTANTLY  
STOPS ORAL  
BAD BREATH

See for yourself how Colgate's brightens teeth, gives you a more sparkling, a more active smile! Enjoy its flavour. Such a pleasant way to combat bad breath.



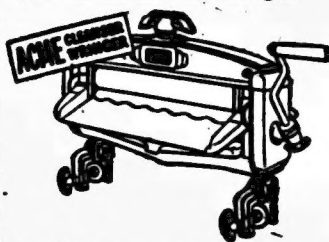
THE LARGEST TUBE AT THE PRICE 1/1, including Tax.

# No one likes borrowing..

but in Acacia Crescent they're getting quite good at it. For example, they're mostly young newly-weds and there are only two



Acmes between them—and don't those Acmes get around! The makers are sorry they can't make any more while the war's on: but one day Acacia Crescent will be supplied as it deserves and borrowing (and lending) can once again be suitably discouraged!



# Taking the strain



● In these days of stress, strong powers of physical resistance are needed. Reserves of energy are used up quickly and general vitality falls below normal. Shredded Wheat, ready cooked and ready to serve, gives just that vital nourishment necessary to enable you to take the strain; it contains those elements essential to bodily fitness—giving you stamina to face each day fresh, energetic and cheerful. The best value for your points—and only eightpence per large packet.



# SHREDDED WHEAT

MADE BY THE SHREDDED WHEAT CO. LTD., WILWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTS. (Pratt's)



END YOUR  
'WHISKER-WORRY'  
—WITH EASY  
—IT'S EASY!

7/1 (includes  
purchase  
tax)  
NO  
COUPONS  
REQUIRED

EASY  
SHAVING STICK  
GOOD FOR MORE THAN  
100 SHAVES

LEVER-787-18

A LEVER PRODUCT



Mix your Horlicks with water only  
— the milk is already in it

Many people keep Horlicks to have as a night-cap.

It helps to ensure that deep, restful sleep which means abundant energy for the next day's work. Fortunately, Horlicks makes no demand on the milk supply. The

correct way to make Horlicks is, and always has been, to mix it with water only. The milk is already in it.

We ask you to be patient when you cannot get Horlicks. Reduced supplies are being distributed as evenly and fairly as possible.

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# JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, June 20, 1942,  
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,  
If England to itself do rest but true."



**Straight from the Shoulder**

## ONE STRATEGY NOW!

**B**EST news of the war—united strategy is coming!

The United Nations are going to be unanimous in something more vital than the mere wish to see the Axis snapped.

They are going to plan as one. They are going to work as one. They are going to fight as one. They are going to reconstruct as one!

### Great Purpose

Hence the visit of Molotov to this country and the United States.

Hence, too, the comings and goings of eminent messengers of President Roosevelt in the last few weeks.

A lot that has happened lately has had the stamp of some great purpose.

Now you know that great purpose—unity to the point at which the Allies will fight as one country. Unity for War—unity for Peace!

### World-Wide Pledge

But President Roosevelt felt we needed pledges between peoples as well as Governments.

So, with the inspiration of genius, he asked that last Sunday—June 14—should be United Nations Day.

It was the day for all the States of America to give traditional salute to their common flag—the Stars and Stripes.

Instead, the people of the United Nations, lacking a common flag, gave salute to a common purpose, a common strategy.

### Behind Drawn Blinds

You may have seen it as a simple, touching ceremony on a village green, a town square, the vast sweep of a city park.

But it was going on among the ordinary people everywhere; in Russia, in the States, in China. And, without a doubt, behind drawn blinds in occupied countries, with the jack-booted oppressor stamping by outside.

And in Mexico, where, as the common people gave the common pledge, the broadcast voice of Roosevelt welcomed Mexico, our newest Ally.

### Stage by Stage

JOHN BULL, since its outbreak, has insisted that this War is a World War. We have urged that the United Nations should fight as one ever since we had an Ally to unite with—ever since we stood alone. We have visualised not a second or sixth, but The World Front.

The virtual pooling of the production and food resources of ourselves and the United States, announced by Mr. Churchill, represents but one stage to complete unity, mighty though that stage is.

The gigantic decisions resulting from Molotov's air tour represent but another.

### This Is Unity

Certainly they are gigantic decisions. Britain and Soviet Russia pledge themselves by treaty to stand as one throughout the war, in the peace settlement, and in reconstruction—and still later should the mad dog return to the attack.

Between Russia and the United States there is much the same agreement.

But there was something much more important.

### Admission

So far as the treaty was concerned, an Ambassador could have signed it. There was no need for that perilous trip of the Second Man of Soviet Russia.

But (official words): "Full agreement was reached with regard to the urgent tasks of creating a second front in Europe in 1942."

And: "Conversations were not confined to treaty matters."

Molotov came to help plan that unified strategy.

### Another Sign

You may now recall the recent visits of General Marshall, U.S. Army Chief of Staff, General Arnold, and Mr. Harry Hopkins, known in America as "the voice of the President."

They came by trans-Atlantic bomber. They were oyster-dumb.

We know now why they came—as clearly as if they had spoken volubly.

Roosevelt lost little time in getting

down to talks on strategy with these war chiefs.

### China Calls

And now that we are full partners, working each for all instead of each for each, what shall we do first?

All eyes on China. Japan strives hard to administer a knock-out.

China's plight is far from precarious, but it is serious. She must get mighty help—and soon.

### Bravery Isn't Enough

Problem is how to reach her 5,000,000 first-line troops and 10,000,000 reserves with modern munitions.

It is astounding that this simple, peace-loving nation has learnt to make guns, machine-guns, small arms and ammunition.

But they are not enough against tanks and dive-bombers—not forgetting gas. And even supreme bravery doesn't make them enough.

### Wanted: A Todt

She lost her Burma Road because we, lacking her foresight, never had our own Burma Road enabling us to defend the country.

Make no mistake, the loss of Burma was no fault of British or Chinese fighting men.

If this Commonwealth of Nations we call the Empire had had a Dr. Todt, things would have been different.

### Hammer Japan

If the United Nations cannot open up a new artery for the supply of vital arms to China—more arms than ever she got along the Burma Road, for Japan now attacks her with greater and increasing ferocity—we must supply a diversion. Let us hammer Japan elsewhere.

Let us give China a breather while striving to give her a new Burma Road.

### Strategic Points

And a United Nations strategy must make sure that we won't, at some near future date, imperil an Ally for want of a road, a railway, or some other token of foresight.

We should send men of brains to every place that has acquired strategic importance—or is likely to do so.

A start has been made, which we hail as another proof that common-sense is dawning.

### Pandit will Listen

Then Nehru has apparently decided to back Gandhi in his demand that we should withdraw from India.

We believe the Pandit will listen to the voice of the United Nations where he wouldn't listen to the voice of Britain as expressed by Cripps.

We believe India will, too

● JOHN BULL believes the coal industry should have been conscripted as our men were conscripted when war broke out—as something too important to please itself.

The Great Coal Muddle, which was only partially contributed to by the drafting of miners into the Army, has justified that belief.

And now the Government extemporises.

To increase consumption we are to have a compromise plan. The State will take over the operational, but not the financial, control of all mines.

That puts the managers, paid servants of the owners, but liable to dismissal by the State, on their trial.

To reduce consumption housewives and other consumers are asked to economise. That puts the most of us on trial.

We don't like the plan. We believe that the majority share our view.

But we believe the country is going to do its best to make it succeed.

If it fails, then, there should be no more compromise, no more on trial. There should be nationalisation.

And meanwhile the men must have the reasonable minimum wage for which they have asked.

## ON TRIAL

### Try, Try Again

At one time Nehru wasn't so far from Cripps's viewpoint.

It is widely believed in America that he led a Congress minority which favoured acceptance of Britain's compromise.

America stood by our side as a friend in those negotiations, and those negotiations only just failed.

Let the United Nations take them up where they broke off and they should succeed.

### One Big Pull

One of our tragedies is that we have too many fronts. They have been forced upon us. It is the Axis game.

Planning separately, there was little hope that the Allies could reduce them.

Planning together, we should be strong enough to knock the enemy out in some theatres.

Libya, for instance.

### Home Front

That does not absolve us from organising and working harder than ever on the Home Front.

Ships and still more ships must come from the slips.

Airplanes of all kinds are needed to attack the enemy. Particularly pressing is the need for torpedo planes.

### Many Tasks

Fighters, too, are wanted to maintain our "sweeps" and to provide those protective umbrellas which will be more and more in demand by our Naval forces and our armies.

Bombers—of all kinds—must be ready to strike at the aggressor's arsenals and save Russian lives.

### Will That Wins

The peoples of the United Nations cry out for aggressive action.

Now they have been given Hope and something to fight for. The knowledge that the Great Powers have pledged themselves not only to fight the war but to win the Peace.

That provides the will to win—reinforces the V Sign.

When they are in one harness, that is the will that will pull us through to Victory.

And that harness is going to be United Strategy.

(Continued overleaf)

## NOW GIVE THEM SOCKS!

● The Home Guards are receiving more and more equipment. You have only to watch any average parade to-day to realise how far this force has advanced since the old days of L.D.V.

But one vital item has not yet been provided. They have no socks! And so far requests to the authorities for a special issue have proved vain.

Now, anyone who has marched in Army boots will know how utterly unsuitable are civilian socks for military purposes.

Home Guards, never lacking in resource, contrive to "make do" by wearing two pairs of their own socks when on parade. But wear and tear is especially heavy, and replacement means a drain on coupons that are none too plentiful as it is.

Socks are an essential part of a soldier's equipment. There should be an immediate issue to Home Guard members.

We expect the best from them; let us see that they lack nothing they need.

## STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

Is there a special allowance of clothing coupons for foreign ambassadors in London, and their wives and staffs?

We ask because one ambassador's wife is astonishing West End saleswomen by the extent of her purchases.

To her clothes coupons—like money—don't seem to matter.

## We Mustn't Do It

We know that, in all countries in the world, there are certain petty restrictions that do not apply to foreign embassies.

But we don't look on rationing as a petty restriction.

It is something vital to the war effort.

And we hope that our ambassadors are taught that it is rank bad taste to accept favours that press hard on the people they serve among.

## All That Glitters

We should root out all ostentation in war time.

It can be done without depriving Service men on leave with a good "bust up"—the usual excuse of war profiteers' wives for donning their diamonds and swilling wines. Luxury hotels are the worst offenders.

## Like a Factory

The Minister of Labour should take a peep behind the tinsel of some of them.

One we could name has several work-shops.

In one of them work five electricians and four assistants.

Round them are six painters, five joiners, five labourers, three stokers, three steam attendants, a plumber and others.

## Outward Shows

Many of the men employed behind the scenes do nothing but maintain the Arcadian atmosphere which keeps the place "priced."

They keep big stocks of luxury woods, metals, plastics and more conventional building materials for that purpose.

One of the staff belongs to the Home Guard. The rest do one fire-watch a fortnight. And that is the sum total of their war-work.

## Whipping Posts

Certain M.P.s continue to flay Public Relations Officers and Press Officers employed, in war time, by all Government departments.

They point to the cost—small enough, considered in relation to the work they do.

And it is because members have no knowledge of that work that they criticise.

## The Good They Do

Readers often ask us whether our criticisms do any good.

They do, thanks in great measure to these men who, unlike many of their

Parliamentary critics, work far longer hours than before the war for considerably less pay.

Due to them, some of our smallest criticisms have led to big reforms in our war organisation.

## Help for You

They do not try to censor us. They do not try to protect the fool. But they do strive to see that the Department doesn't suffer because of the fool.

They have carried helpful suggestions from us, and from scores of thousands of our readers, to the right quarter.

And, as to those employed by Admiralty, War Office and Air Ministry, no body of war workers has done more for the welfare of our fighting men, as those men will realise when the history of this war is written.

## Not Wanted

We mentioned fools. North London has one in clerical garb.

Looking down at his congregation, he discerned one of our women readers sitting with her sister—a girl in Land Army uniform, home on forty-eight hours' leave.

Whereupon he publicly informed her that her dress was "indecent in the House of God," invited her to leave, and said she needn't attend church again if she couldn't find more suitable wear.

## Unfair to Church

I would remind that silly clergyman of the words, "Feed My Lambs."

This girl, growing food for the children of a nation at war, is doing God's work.

If the Church had a Public Relations Officer it would be his duty to see that that parson's unhealthy view was officially disowned, which would save broad-minded clergymen generally a lot of embarrassment.

## "Temporary" for 20 years!

You could have knocked us down with a feather when we read that the London County Council has written to all its ex-teachers up to seventy inviting them to return.

For we had in front of us the case of a teacher of sixty-four whom they had sacked, on age grounds, from one of their schools.

From the last war until well into this they had employed him as a "temporary," which means no gratuity, no pension—just the scrap-heap.

## Strange Progress

In contrast to that treatment of a man of high educational attainment, read this:

William Shaw, a group organiser in connection with the petrol rationing scheme, was a witness at Rugeley when a man was sent to prison for obtaining petrol by means of false statements.

Questioned, Shaw admitted that he could neither read nor write!

## Hospital Worry

Meeting a chief dispenser of a London hospital, we were told he was very short of certain drugs.

The situation was not alarming, because our chemists were proving just as clever as the Germans in producing ersatz remedies.

Still, the real thing was best.

## Search the Hedgerows

What annoyed him, however, was that some of the worst shortages did not concern such drugs as quinine, but those extracted from plants which grow readily—sometimes too readily—in this country.

Atropine and belladonna, for instance, which are extracted from our old enemy, deadly nightshade.

The Ministry of Health should get on to this. There is no excuse for such shortages while there are scores of thousands of country people willing to collect wild plants, their children co-operating with the safer growths.

## Sugar as Cement

We don't feel very sweet about the news which reaches us from the vicinity of one of Lord Woolton's sugar stores.

We are told that rats have torn the sacks, the sugar has cascaded to the floor, and the rain, coming through the roof, has covered the floor with a kind of sugary cement.

To prove his complaints about a big wheat store, a reader in another district has managed to procure a sample of the grain for our examination.

Don't call it food theft. It is green with mould!

## Wicked Waste

From a South London district we hear of street pig food bins crammed with food fit for human consumption.

The reader who tells us adds: "I'm a fastidious eater, yet I could tackle most of it."

You can't watch every bin—but the authorities can make an example of the people they do catch.

## —And More of It

From a block of West End flats comes a complaint about electric light switches which, pushed in, give two minutes' light and then extinguish themselves.

A reader informed an estate worker that one of the switches kept jamming, and the lights were burning day and night on three floors.

Said the man: "We've several more like it. I complain to the company, but nothing happens."

## Let Them Read

But we would like to see more lights burning at night in the reading-rooms of our big public libraries. Too many close at six.

With the book-borrowing sections shuttered, evening papers sold out, and periodicals almost unprocurable, the munition maker who finishes after six aches in vain for a good read.

Reading-room attendants want their leisure, but they could easily instruct volunteers willing to take charge for a few hours.

## Same Old Bill

We beg to announce promotion for "Old Bill," Captain Bruce Balmfater's famous creation, whose bristly face enlivens JOHN BULL.

He has been adopted by American troops over here. His cheerful countenance, adopted as a sort of divisional sign, grins from many hundreds of U.S. army vehicles.

But we think you will find him still unspooled.

## Behind the News

● Nazi bigwig, according to recent information, addressed secret meeting of German industrialists and told them bluntly that Germany cannot win the war.

● Chief cause for pessimism in Germany: shortage of at least 15,000 locomotives; oil stores running low; disastrous harvest, and, at the same time, obligation to feed 8,000,000 more people (prisoners of war, foreign workers) than before the war.

● Acute hostility is shown by Bavarians and Austrians against the thousands of evacuees from Cologne, Essen, Mannheim and other blitzed German towns. Already short of food, they resent "the invaders" eating up stores.

● Before last six months of R.A.F. raids, building of a U-boat needed 4,000 worker units for one year. This has now been increased by nearly 50 per cent. as a result of transport delays and material and man-power shortage.

● New Allied machines are being brought into service which make as many shells in one minute as were produced in one hour before the war.

● Plane manufacture may be revolutionised by recent Anglo-U.S.A. research formula for paper-thin stainless steel with tensile strength of 185,000 lb. per sq. in.—three times greater than aluminium. Axis cannot copy for lack of certain essential ingredients.

● Midway Island defeat will result in crop of kara-kiri in high Jap naval circles. Defeat has shattered prospects of Tokio's most important

"long term" war plan, secret of which was discovered in enough time to prepare smashing counter-blow.

● Jap-Nazi joint naval plans of campaign are believed to have suffered a serious blow in R.A.F. daylight raid on Augsburg some weeks ago. Augsburg is Jap H.Q. since first Berlin raids, and many valuable and irreplaceable documents and designs are thought (with good reason) to have been destroyed.

● Nazis have concentrated for nearly two years in hush-hush work on revived Zeppelin theories for airborne invasion of England, but inability to make ersatz non-inflammable gas (helium is out of Axis reach) presents practical obstacle they have not been able to overcome.

● Hitler's man-power problem is now so desperate that Nazi agents have begun a new terror campaign in occupied countries to secure workers for the target areas. First step is to refuse all rations to whole families who are in a position to supply a worker. Women are also being conscripted.

● Behind the Vichy scene intrigue has developed round Laval and Doriot which may produce more than one "exit" à la Heydrich.

● Russian farmers re-established in areas recovered during the winter report progress only 15 per cent. below pre-occupation levels for the time of the year. Much of the machinery used is German, rushed up in the autumn under Goering's priority orders to replenish Reich food stocks this Spring.

*Without Fear or Favour**By the Editor*

# THINGS THAT NEED NOT WAIT

**E**VERYBODY knows that "freedom is in peril," and almost everybody is resolved to defend it against its enemies abroad.

But freedom has some enemies and many lukewarm friends in this country.

To most suggestions for increasing our own people's freedom from want here and now, this minority returns the stock retort: "Don't you know there's a war on?"

We do. We know, moreover, that many things ardently desired by the general public are dependent upon victory and must wait for it.

There are some reforms, however, which need not wait. They should be carried out forthwith as first aids to the larger freedom we intend to establish after the "cease fire."

Unemployment has been virtually ended by the war itself.

What, however, of those who are too old, or too infirm either to work or fight? They have not a penny to spare for anything but stark necessities.

So JOHN BULL again urges an immediate increase of the Old Age Pension from ten shillings to one pound a week.

We are not satisfied with supplementary pensions based, as they are, upon a sort of Means Test. The rise in the cost of living makes the present pension utterly inadequate, and the old folk are surely entitled to at least some small margin of comfort and unconditional security.

Many other pensioners, notably widows and disabled ex-Service men, find it equally hard to meet rising costs on an unchanging pittance.

There are also some who have a moral claim upon the State's support, but are denied it altogether—the men invalided out of the Services for diseases or disabilities said to have been contracted before enlistment.

This is a relatively small, but none the less glaring, injustice. We maintain that if a man is passed fit for service by a medical board, any subsequent breakdown in his health should carry full pension rights.

We again, too, make an urgent appeal to the Government for an early reconsideration of the allowances to the families and dependents of serving men.

We are aware that these have been increased, and we admit that hardship grants are more prompt and generous.

**N**EVERTHELESS, the wives and children of men whose lives the nation conscripts ought to be sure of an income which places them out of the reach of want and anxiety.

This Government, as we have often pointed out, has no definite wages policy.

"But are we still so Victorian," asked Mr. Charles Dukes the other day at the Conference of General and Municipal Workers, "as to believe that freedom below three pounds a week really means much?"

JOHN BULL is not. We say that the minimum wage at last accorded to the farm labourer could be and ought to be guaranteed to every other full-time worker.

By that we mean women as well as men.

No time could be better than the present for establishing the principle of equal pay for equal work.

This principle is accepted in some industries and generally supported by organised labour. It is not yet accepted by the Government and is strenuously resisted by many employers.

The big banks are among these. They have not reduced their dividends, but they pay many of their women employees less than half the salary they would pay to a man in a comparable position.

Their temporary staffs are notoriously underpaid.

Not only so: the banks still retain their marriage ban. Under war conditions they cannot afford to lose the services of "permanent" girl workers who defy it. Instead, they keep them on, but reduce them immediately to the pay and status of the temporary worker!

The Bank Officers' Guild—the Trade Union which the "Big Five" still obstinately refuse to recognise—is pressing, not only for equal pay, job for job, for men and women and temporary as well as permanent staffs, but also for removal of the marriage ban.

JOHN BULL supports both demands in banking and every other profession, trade or industry. We urge the State to set a national lead.

For this is a great reform, which not only could be carried through while the war is on, but which may be far more difficult to carry through after it is over.

Moreover, to withhold it will certainly aggravate the problems of post-war reconstruction, for employers, who are finding now that they can get their work done for them by women at less than half the cost of men, are likely to attempt to retain this position.

In this connection we make no apology for insisting once again upon the economic wisdom of granting "family allowances" forthwith.

Barely a month ago we supported the proposal that the State should pay 5s. a week in respect of every child, rich or poor, throughout the country.

Now Lord Southwood has put forth a powerful plea in the House of Lords, winning much influential support, including that of the Archbishop of Canterbury. It is estimated that 5s. per week can be paid in respect of every child under fourteen years of age for not more than £132,000,000 a year.

We are spending as much on the war in ten days!

We should, as Lord Southwood stressed,

regard it as an investment rather than an expenditure, for it would also lift more than 72 per cent. of the nation's poorest families out of primary poverty altogether. And "primary poverty" means nothing less than undernourishment for British children!

A scheme for child endowment has now been established in Australia, and New Zealand has had a scheme in operation since 1926. We should be ashamed to lag behind in reforms of this kind.

The Government expects to receive in the autumn the report of Sir William Beveridge's Committee, which is surveying all existing national schemes of Social Insurance and allied services. The Lord Chancellor hinted that Child Endowment might be considered in this important survey.

Coupled with this great and practicable present-day reform, JOHN BULL would like to see an immediate instalment of the national plans for educational improvement.

We share the Labour Party's recently expressed desire for "a unified educational system founded on the common school and related to the capacity of the child instead of to the means of its parents."

**I**F the majority of the electorate believes, as we feel sure it does, in the principle of equal opportunity for every boy and girl, then now is the time to at least begin the reform.

Doubtless there are many other progressive plans which need not be kept in cold storage until the war is won, but here we have space only to consider one more of them—a new charter for the men of the Merchant Navy.

These dauntless and devoted seamen saved us from starvation in the last war only to be thrown in large numbers upon the industrial scrapheap after it was over.

This must not happen again. They are richly entitled to better pay, better conditions, and, above all, to security of employment and certainty of pension.

Now is the time to make their position secure.

## Does Peace Mean Being All the Same?

**O**UR local pessimist is not so happy about the Great Peace. Oh, he says, will never mix with water.

Being a pessimist, he has no sense of humour.

He goes on with his point. His point being that so long as we are as we are, and the Russians as they are, and the Americans as they are, anything like harmony is out of the question.

★ ★ ★  
"We are so unlike," he says, "that it's bound to start a row. The rows won't stop until there's some general all-round kind of citizen on the earth, thinking the same way, doing the same things and talking the same language." Which gives him a new idea and makes him sigh louder than ever.

"Two of us have got the same language," he says. "So that what the Americans call an elevator we call a lift, and what we call petrol they call gas. It looks pretty hopeless to me."

It isn't, of course.

My best friends bear no re-

semblance to me, physically or mentally. When I meet a man who sees eye to eye with me in everything we have nothing to talk about.

We bore each other to tears. We say "Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes."

### THE FUNNY SIDE OF THINGS

When I point this out to our local pessimist, he shakes his head.

"All the same," he insists, "it's these infernal differences that are at the bottom of all the trouble."

But it's nothing of the kind. Many things lead to war, but I am certain that national and personal individuality are not of the things.

Else the Kingdom of Kent would still be fighting the East Saxons. And the Welsh would still be fighting the English. And the English would still be fighting the Scots.

Our various pessimists might

all say "Ah!" if you put that to them, and point out that the English are no longer English, the Welsh no longer Welsh, the Scots no longer Scottish. Just as the Kingdom of Kent has been no more for a thousand years.

We are, they might say, all lumped together now as *British*. But we're not. Not when you get down to essentials.

The Welshman at heart is as much a Welshman as ever he was. There is no similarity whatever, of outlook, temperament, habit or anything else, between the Highland Scot and the Devon farmer. The man of Kent, for all that his Kingdom has gone, is poles apart from the laddie from Lancashire.

★ ★ ★

The point is that we don't have a war amongst ourselves every twenty-five years or so to keep us from getting stagnant. And we don't get stagnant.

So that, differences or not, it can be done.

WILL SCOTT.

## Pacifists of Yesterday

**I** KNOW several men who were conscientious objectors in the last war. Two of them went to prison rather than fight. To-day those men are bellicose-minded. They hate the Nazis and all their works, and have no room in their hearts for pacifism or pacifists.

It may be only a matter of relative interest that, in the last war, these men were liable for military service. They are too old for the present "show."

ARGUE IT OUT  
By John Bull

One man with whom I discussed the change of heart declared that this

war was different.

"There's no evading the issue to-day," he said. "The last war was one of Imperialistic interests. It had its origins in commercial rivalry, in the search for markets. It was just another war."

★ ★ ★  
"The present struggle goes much deeper than that. It raises issues on which depend not only our lives but our children's lives, our decencies and liberties. It is a war for the justification of mankind."

In my wisdom I raised no argument. But I might have declared that a country worth fighting for to-day was worth fighting for twenty-five years ago; and that war is war no matter how, why or when it is waged.

I don't hate true pacifists; I detest those who use pacifism as a means to an end. The world has known a few great men who have fought valiantly and at immense sacrifice against war. And invariably their lives, like their minds, have been beyond reproach.

But I wonder how many of our so-called pacifists to-day could bear with equanimity a close scrutiny into their private lives.

By that I mean—does the purity of their pacifism, their belief in the goodness of man and in man's destiny, colour their actions and thoughts in other phases of life?

A pacifist, sincere in his heart and sure of his convictions, is always in danger of being misunderstood. He may be accused of having a yellow streak; yet his courage may be of a high, unfaltering order.

★ ★ ★  
He may be called a dreamer, a fool seeking Utopia; yet in business he may be as shrewd and hard-headed as a Glasgow Scot reared on Wall Street and finished off on the Royal Exchange, Manchester.

They'd fight to the last ditch if their pockets or their banking accounts were assailed; they'd resist any and every attempt to curtail their money-making proclivities; and if, because of war, they are better off than they were in times of peace, well, that's just the way of things.

Who can blame them if the war machine makes them richer?

Nor they plead, can they help the fact that men are dying the world over to preserve for them the jobs, the homes, the banking accounts they hold so dear.

## Ex-Detective, Superintendent YANDELL, Chief Investigator, Board of Trade

**DEAR SLEUTH**—From the moment the first war time racketeer rolled his grimy hands in glee I have used the use of our best detective brains against the Black Market menace.

But the authorities were wiser. They tried snoopers. They tried departmentalists. They tried amateur detectives. And steadily lost ground.

Then common-sense prevailed.

They went to Scotland Yard about it.

And there they found two men who, having just brought a modern Jack the Ripper to the gallows, were waiting for the next case.

Well, the next case has begun.

Detective-Superintendent Sands, one of the two, has gone to the Ministry of Food to lead their attack against Black Racketeering.

And now you, the other man, have gone to the Board of Trade to take charge of their fight in the same good cause.



## Open Letters

### SECRETARY, Imperial Boxing Association

**DEAR SIR**—Leading boxers tell me how frequently their offers to give free shows for the troops at their own expense are turned down.

Tommy Farr is mentioned as one of the good fellows hurt by such a brusque refusal.

Yet, profit-taking promoters are allowed to stage such shows. Could your organisation, founded to give the Services good boxing entertainment, tell me why?—JOHN BULL.

### Rt. Hon. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P., Minister of Home Security

**DEAR SIR**—Aerial views of big factories are still displayed on the letter-headings of many important firms.

One, which I have before me, portrays what appears to be the one-acre roof of an aluminium factory. It was posted as recently as May 29 last.

This vanity on the part of German manufacturers has, I know, helped us considerably to achieve precision bombing of Nazi industries.

But why should we help Adolf?—JOHN BULL.

### Rt. Hon. HUGH DALTON, M.P., President, Board of Trade

**DEAR SIR**—Coal shortage was no handicap to a certain factory in Wales. Its plant was water-driven.

Then the Board of Trade cast covetous eyes on it, and requisitioned it for storage purposes!

And to-day its products have to be turned out at another factory, the boilers of which consume 2,500 tons of coal a year.

Why bother about coal? After all, it's another Ministry's headache.—JOHN BULL.

### MEMBERS, Kent County Council

**SIR**—I know Kent is a very beautiful county, but what's wrong with some of your officials seeing it from the top of a bus for a change?

You have excellent local services.

I suggest this in view of the fact that you are paying allowances to 368 officers in respect of the cars they use on behalf of the council and 18 in respect of their motor bicycles.—JOHN BULL.

### Sir JOHN ANDERSON, Lord President

**DEAR SIR**—British exiles in Britain are not so lucky as some foreign refugees to whom we have rightly given hospitality.

When he lived in Guernsey, one ex-soldier received a weekly pension for an accident that left him permanently disabled.

Evacuated to England, he had to try to exist on a P.A.C. grant. He cannot buy clothes for his children; his health has broken down by hardship and worry. I don't suppose he is the only one!

Surely Britain should temporarily take over the responsibilities of the Channel Island authorities?—JOHN BULL.

### General DE GAULLE, Leader of Free France

**DEAR GENERAL**—If there are still people blind to the real causes of France's collapse and ready to believe that your country has somehow lost her

old fighting spirit, let them read the epic story of the defence of Bir Hakeim.

Out in the Libyan desert those French boys taught the world that the spirit of Verdun still lives.

One day, I trust, you will strip the fair city of Vichy of its odious name, and give it one that will commemorate those lads who are proud to fight and die for France.—JOHN BULL.

### Rt. Hon. GWILYM LLOYD GEORGE, M.P., Fuel Minister

**DEAR SIR**—While welcoming the petrol concessions to Home Guard car owners, I would advise you to watch out for abuses.

People allowed special petrol for A.R.P. purposes still manage to keep public-house car parks well filled with their vehicles.

And a member of my staff, given a lift, was told by the driver: "I shall manage to keep running because my wife gets petrol to distribute home-made meat patties to farm workers."

There are self-sacrificing people who have used their basic petrol rations in the national interests—but there are also cheats determined to keep up their pleasure motoring, come what may.—JOHN BULL.

### Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P., Minister of Labour

**DEAR SIR**—Here is a chance for you to put your heaviest boots on and indulge in some hearty and much-needed kicking.

A firm—a big and important one—advertised in a leading daily paper for a manager.

A reader with considerable attainment in the work specified applied for the job, and was called for interview.

The firm at once put its cards on the table. It had no post as advertised. Therefore it wanted no manager.

The advertisement had been inserted to enable the firm to "contact men who, understanding the business, could influence contracts and so help the business in the development of present and post-war trade."

And, according to our reader, many other people were disappointed by the misleading offer of employment.

But the matter is more serious viewed from the labour angle. Conditions in the labour market are difficult enough without being complicated by misleading advertisements of this sort. Given the full facts, which our reader is anxious for you to have, I am sure you will take appropriate steps to see that such practices are stopped.—JOHN BULL.

# Defied Japs with a Crazy Plane

## KNIGHTS OF THE SKIES

Some thrilling tales of aircraft saving life instead of destroying it. The writer, who uses a pen-name, was an air-ace before the war.

By MICHAEL CLOUD

**R**EVERBERATIONS of the attack on Pearl Harbour, which signalled the Japs' treacherous entry into the war, blanketed out many minor incidents.

One of these was the shooting down of an ancient amphibian plane by Japanese fighters over the Philippines.

It sank in five fathoms half a mile off shore, and General MacArthur gave orders for it to be fished up.

"We shall need everything with wings we can lay our hands on before these Lybs are put back where they belong," he said grimly.

★ ★ ★

About the middle of March, the defenders' medical supplies of certain vital drugs ran out. Malaria, dysentery, and other dreadful spectres stalked through MacArthur's sweating and sleepless ranks, in their tropical jungle swamps.

Colonel Kennard, of the U.S. Army Medical Corps, has stated that, ten days before Bataan fell, more than 80 per cent. of the defenders were suffering from malaria or dysentery.

Fevered, shaking, sweating, with falling sight and trembling limbs, beneath a pitiless sun, they fought on against a yet more pitiless foe.

In one week, the number of sick men, in two hospitals, rose from 4,000 to 7,000. These were bed cases only.

## Crazy Old Machines

One morning a party of Americans asked to see Colonel Kennard. They were led by Major "Bill" Bradford.

"We want to fly you in some quinine an' iashin's, Doc," Bradford said. "We've found some old crates that I guess'll do the job."

Kennard went to inspect the "crates." Chief of them was the resurrected amphibian, shot down once already, and now rescued from beneath five fathoms of blue water. Damaged parts had been replaced from a scrap dump.

There was a single-engined Beechcraft civilian two-seater. There was a ten-year-old Bellanca airbus which had been out of use for two years. There was another civilian two-seater, so old and so patched with new parts that the original make was unknown.

Not one of them carried a gun—or would have dared to fire it if they had, for fear of the recoil sending the crazy old machine out of control. The fastest could still reach 110 m.p.h.—about 170 m.p.h. slower than the Jap fighters which now patrolled the air above unopposed.

Powers of manoeuvre they had none. Night-flying equipment they were as innocent of as if they had been house-sparrows.

"We calc'late we can run these crates

through by moonlight, and pick up quinine and stuff for you from yonder." "Bill" Bradford drawled, gesturing largely towards the distant rumble of Japanese artillery, and beyond it. "Them Japs is no-account birdmen; they'd never know."

Colonel Kennard bit his lip. "These machines are unairworthy; I can't give permission for them to be used," he said. "But... well, you know what quinine would mean to these boys in the hospitals!"

Bill Bradford grinned as he watched his superior officer's retreating back.

That night, four men held electric torches in position as the amphibian—from-under-the-sea took off. There was no flare-path, no racing glim-lamps; only the cavernous mantle of black night, with a moon just silvering the horizon as it rose.

## He Flew Alone

American marines and Filipino engineers stared at each other as the sound of the engines died away. Round them was a turf clearing hidden among woods—the only runway they could find, for the Japs had blasted all the air fields with bombs.

By superhuman efforts, they had taken their ramshackle airfleet there in bits and re-erected and tested them. But, that first night, Bradford flew alone.

The moon rose in silver splendour, plating bits of waiting aeroplanes and a man's face here and there, and the nose and paws of Bradford's terrier, which lay confidently awaiting its master's return.

Three hours later, the men there heard a faint humming. The terrier got up and whined.

Like a huge owl, the amphibian circled into the wind, its engine off and the prop. turning idly. The electric torches switched on; and that clumsy ancient bus made a perfect three-point landing that would have done credit to any day-time "ace" with a mile of tarmac for elbow-room.

Bradford leaned over and shook hands with himself, grinning.

"Got a load, bo's," he announced.

He had made a landing in moonlight, without lights, on the sandy edge of a creek near a small town, which he had located without proper instruments, and

## SABOTAGE ON THE SALVAGE FRONT

**T**HERE are still too many people who, by their carelessness or cussedness, are helping the enemy by wasting Salvage.

These people are traitors. Here is the case of a Sheffield housewife who is righteously indignant:

She prides herself on her salvage effort. Her rags, bottles, bones and newspapers are nicely sorted and some are tied in bundles.

The dustman arrives, and shortly afterwards is seen untying the bundles and throwing the valuable salvage among the dirty refuse from a hundred dustbins!

★ ★ ★

A clear case of sabotage on the Salvage Front.

Now for the other side of the picture. In North London there is a householder who hoards in his garden a mis-



Malaria and dysentery packed the makeshift hospitals in the jungles of the Bataan Peninsula. Medical supplies were nearly exhausted when brave men set out on what seemed a crazy venture

without being spotted by patrolling Jap fighters.

He had gone boldly into the town, contacted certain loyal Filipinos, met a local doctor, and arranged for a swift hunt through the town for quinine and other vital drugs.

Surgeries, chemists' shops, private medicine cupboards—all had been enthusiastically rifled of their contents and the owners had loaded them aboard the dark form of the amphibian. They had pressed fruit and dainties and good-luck tokens on Bradford, and smitten him on the back till his shoulders were sore.

A Jap military post a mile away remained in blissful ignorance of this penetration a hundred miles behind their fighting lines.

Arrangements were made for land-planes to come the next night, and touch down near the town, where sympathisers would await them with carloads of medicines and invalid supplies.

On the way back, a Mitsubishi fighter flew over the amphibian, and apparently mistook it for a Jap. plane. It flew away southwards after a cursory look.

## A Flying Miracle

The next night, the whole crazy fleet took off by the light of those four torches. It was a flying miracle.

They landed on the firm, golden sands one after another. Dark mobs of people rushed to them, wrung the hands of the pilots, patted the machines. More drugs were put aboard.

As they flew homewards, they were suddenly attacked by a Navy O, which thunderbolted down out of a cloud, its guns spattering. Bradford's machine was hit in the tail, and almost went out of control.

At the same time, another American put one of the civil two-seaters into a power-dive, trying to ram the Jap fighter. If left alone, it could have picked off

the lot of them, slow, clumsy, unarmed. Better, as he said afterwards, lose one than the lot. That his life must be lost, too, just didn't matter.

The Jap turned tail and hared out of sight.

Perhaps he mistook them for fighting aircraft. Moonlight is deceptive.

They patched Bill Bradford's "show-boat" as they called his amphibian, with bamboo, bits of wire and canvas, and odds and ends. They had no better materials to use.

Another machine was damaged in landing. They patched that, too.

## Nightly Service!

Every night, moon or no moon, for three weeks, those machines ran to their secret landing-ground far behind the Jap lines, and returned loaded with quinine, castor oil, laudanum, salines, and cocaine for wound cases.

They were chased and attacked by Japanese warplanes; they ran once or twice through foul weather; sometimes they could not see the ground, and had to guess at the pinpricks of light from torches below; but not one single night did they miss their incredible journey, and not one of them was shot down.

From jarring landings, shell-holes and other damage, they presently accumulated such patches and props that they became known as the Bamboo Fleet.

But they could not carry quite enough medicines to meet the ever-growing needs of the sick men.

So the Bamboo Fleet ferried them over!

It became obvious that Bataan must fall. One hundred and twenty nurses and a number of other medical personnel had to be taken to Corregidor. The Japs bombed the water-passage to the fort night and day.

## Hats Off to Them!

Bataan was stormed at last. But, from a rocky platform in Corregidor, the Bamboo Fleet, led by the intrepid Bill Bradford, flew night after night to their secret place on the far mainland, and continued to bring medical and prophylactic supplies.

That they continued their flights without a single loss, despite the constant efforts at interception of infuriated Japanese airmen, is one of those facts that defied the probable and the possible.

It happened. Perhaps the thankful prayers of the sick men in the hospitals made the impossible possible.

Not in the savage glory of a conflict in mid-air or in the fierce anger of bombing attack did these pilots gain everlasting fame, but at night, without lights or instruments, flying not to destroy life but to save it.

Hats off to them! They did a man's-size job!

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Next Week: He Fainted Every Trip.

# THE BATTLE AFTER VICTORY

As A. G. Gardiner is unavoidably prevented from contributing his article this week, we invited a clear, vigorous thinker and acknowledged expert on international affairs to deal, in his own way, with this vital problem

By HAROLD LASKI



Professor Laski asks bluntly whether we are clear where we are going after victory

**L**ITTLE by little we can begin to see the shape and character of the possible post-war worlds. For, even granted the victory of the United Nations against Fascism, the choices before us are manifold.

We do not yet know whether there is wisdom enough, or foresight enough, in our rulers to make the present alliance of the four chief partners a permanent association; let us hope that the new Treaty with Russia will be made as profound and as intimate as co-operation with the United States.

We do not know the way to that Indian freedom without which there can be no lasting peace in the Orient. General Alexander talks of "reconquering" Burma; we do not hear for whom it is to be reconquered.

There is a grim silence about Malaya, Africa, the West and East Indies. Is victory to mean a genuine trusteeship, growing into rapid self-government, for their native peoples?

Or are the old and largely evil vested interests to creep back again to power?

It is no use saying that these matters must wait until victory is won. The shape of the future is being decided by the actions we take now; to postpone the choice of freedom is to abandon the hope of freedom.

**IT IS URGENT FOR US TO UNDERSTAND THAT, INTERNATIONALLY NOT LESS THAN NATIONALLY, THE INSTITUTIONS AND HABITS WE BUILD FOR WINNING THE WAR WILL CONTROL THE POSSIBILITIES THAT ARE OPEN TO US IN THE PEACE.**

Full and free collaboration now between the four great peoples of the Alliance means full and free collaboration after the war.

A free India now is a partnership won instead of an hostility maintained. Colonial reconstruction prepared now can go into operation when hostilities cease.

The keystone of the arch of the whole peace structure has two pillars. They are, in the first place, our own domestic policies. If we have not prepared against internal disagreement before victory, we shall have lost the good will that leaves us free from the power exercised over our lives by vested interests in the inter-war years.

Without that good will, our preoccupation with our own concerns will mean that we shall be unable to exercise a healing influence in Europe; we shall fail to carry out the aims of our friendship with Russia, the United States and China; and domestic difficulty will tie our hands in the clear obligation we have to cleanse the Augean stables of empire.

The first necessity, therefore, of an enduring peace is to have begun in a profound way the process of domestic reconstruction. Just as there cannot be peace when nation exploits nation, so there cannot be peace when class exploits class.

The second pillar is not less obvious. It is to provide the basis of freedom from want as the foundation of the international system. Freedom from want not for a chosen few in a few nations, but for all people in all nations.

This is more than a tariff problem; it is more than a currency problem. It means the extension of the underlying principle of the Lease-Lend system from war to peace. It means international co-operation instead of international competition.

It means the motive of mutual aid between nations instead of the fight for markets between nations.

It means planning a system of world-priorities, for health, for nutrition, for housing, for education, instead of leaving their standards to be set by the higgling of a market defined by the profit-making motive.

**IT MEANS, ALL OVER THE WORLD, THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE COMMON PEOPLE INSTEAD OF THE SOVEREIGNTY OF PRIVILEGE.**

**WE CAN MOVE TO THAT IF WE WILL. BUT LET US BE CLEAR, FIRST, THAT WE HAVE THE WILL TO MOVE TO IT, AND SECOND, THAT THERE ARE GREAT OBSTACLES IN THE WAY.**

Will a Britain make the necessary changes in time whose Government has not the courage even to face its coalowners?

Will an America, when it no longer confronts the Nazi-Japanese threat, abandon isolationism, whose business men see in the war at least the hope that they may force President Roosevelt to abandon the New Deal?

Will the oppressed nations, with deep wrongs to remember, and grave problems to solve, turn to democratic methods for their solution unless we have, before victory, laid a sure foundation for ways of life that men can hold in common?

Let us be clear that we have not laid that foundation yet; let us be clear also that it is not possible any longer to lay that foundation within the limits traced by bourgeois civilisation.

**OUR chance of making peace an essential principle of life depends in large part upon our ability to understand that the society built by modern capitalism has now exhausted its capacity to expand within the system of ownership to which it is conditioned.**

For though it can produce on a larger scale than ever before, it cannot distribute what it produces either equitably or efficiently.

It breeds class-hate within and national hate outside. It makes the state-power not an instrument for securing co-operation, but a weapon for protecting a static conception of rights.

Either we recognise that this is so, in which case we may be given the time to organise the conditions of peaceful change; or we refuse to recognise it, in which case even the aftermath of victory over Fascism is bound to be revolution and war.

For men who are fighting for freedom and democracy will not accept a system in which the basic conditions of their realisation are not available; they are certain to struggle for their attainments.

**THE GRAVE DANGER OF OUR POSITION IS THAT BENEATH A FAIR SHOW OF WORDS THE VESTED INTERESTS, ALL OVER THE WORLD, WILL USE THE DETERMINATION OF THE COMMON PEOPLE TO DESTROY HITLERISM AS A FACADE BEHIND WHICH THEY ORGANISE THE PERPETUATION OF PRIVILEGE.**

Business men talk of the fight for the export trade after the war; politicians ask us not to raise "controversial" questions—which is another way of postponing vital decisions until the mood which impels men to equity and reason has passed.

We are talking of peace without preparing to build the institutions which alone make peace possible.

We are given brave words by Mr. Wallace and Mr. Hull, by Mr. Sumner Welles and Sir Stafford Cripps; alongside their words the citizen must put the agreement, made in the war itself, between Standard Oil and the German fuel interests.

We congratulate ourselves on our offer to India; we do not sufficiently remember that the offer was not made until Japanese bombers were over Rangoon.

President Roosevelt has spoken nobly of the Four Freedoms; how much do they mean to Henry Ford and U.S. Steel, to the British Coalowners and Schneider Creusot?

We speak with enthusiasm of the brave struggle in China; would not our enthusiasm sound more real in Chinese ears if it were accompanied by the pledge to renounce all extra-territorial rights in China?

Is there, in short, any reason to suppose that this victory will be different from any other victory unless we take the steps it is in our power to take to make it different?

The truth is a stark reality we must honestly confront. Without the defeat of Hitlerism, there is no prospect but slavery for the common people; its defeat, therefore, is the inescapable prelude to any emancipation.

But the defeat of Hitlerism is not enough. It creates a prospect; it does not ensure that we shall march towards the sun.

**AND every day of delay in the decision to march makes that direction more difficult. It does so for two reasons, one material and one psychological. The material reason is the simple one that the necessities of war organisation strengthen the power of vested interest in every major industry to the degree that ownership and control are concentrated in fewer hands.**

The psychological reason is the equally obvious one that if vested interests discover that they need not practise equity when their danger is great, they will see no greater reason to practise it when that danger is overcome.

And the first reason strengthens the second, since it gives to vested interest the assurance, when peace comes, of an increased power and, therefore, a smaller need to surrender.

If the peoples, at the close of this war, want to be the masters of their destiny, they must act now.

It is the negation of all experience to think that military victory will, of itself, effect their emancipation.

The war in which they are now involved will be continued by other means unless they take steps to create the conditions which prevent the need for its recurrence.

They must recognise, while there is still time, that we are in the midst of a vast revolution from which we emerge either into a new renaissance or into a new dark age.

**TO MAKE OUR VICTORY A BASIS FOR THE LIBERATION OF THE HUMAN SPIRIT, IT IS VITAL TO BREAK THE WILL OF OUR ENEMIES.**

**BUT IT IS NOT LESS URGENT THAT THE COMMON MAN SHOULD SO STEEL HIS OWN PURPOSE THAT NONE, AT THE END, WILL DARE TO RESIST ITS FULFILMENT.**

## When All American States Come In

**M**OST expensive and elaborate of all the cunning plots of the Nazi Secret Service and Fifth Column headquarters has been spiked by Mexico's declaration of war against Germany.

It is almost certain that this step will result, before long, in all the South and Central American States ranging with the Allies against the Axis.

Apart from anything else, the short-sighted ruthlessness of Admiral Raeder's U-boat captains can be relied on to tip the scales.

In Brazil and Chile feeling is already running high. Even in Argentina, last stronghold of neutrality in South America, the news of Mexico's declaration of war had an electrifying effect.

Nazi propaganda may pretend that declarations of war by these States do not matter; they even make jokes about it. But the bosses in Berlin and in Rome don't. They know much better what it means for their gangster ventures.

Herr Boehle, the Bradford-born

Reichminister for Germans abroad, was particularly proud of his achievements in this part of the world among the hundreds of thousands of German-born citizens and colonists.

From there, Admiral Canaris, Hitler's No. 1 spy, had planned to direct the action of his agents in the United States. All these schemes will count for nothing and, incidentally, the vast sums of money spent will be wasted.

More than that, it will mean additional merchant tonnage for the Allied nations.

Scores of German and Italian ships which took shelter in neutral ports will be seized by the new belligerent Governments.

More tens of thousands of tons already belonging to these States will be able to sail in convoys and help to defeat Hitler's submarine warfare.

Comparatively small though the navies of all Latin America may be, their units will prove a valuable asset in the protection of convoys and the mastery of the seas.

Then, with the whole American continent lined up with us, the last loopholes in the Allied blockade will be closed.

South American firms are still being used for supplying Germany and Italy with certain quantities of essential products under the pretence of legitimate neutral trade with Spain or Portugal.

The pro-German clique of Spanish Falangists will be weakened.

It is they who still urge General Franco to go all in with the Axis, because they fear that the defeat of Hitler and Mussolini would automatically result in the collapse of their own Fascist régime.

But the traditional links between the Spanish-speaking American Republics and their mother-country in Europe are so strong that, apart from all other reasons which would make such a step suicidal, General Franco will not dare to take action which would bring him into conflict not only with Britain and the United States, but also with all the Spanish-speaking world.

V. S.

# STORY

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V. S.

**ALARM! Invasion!**  
Bells are ringing out a dramatic signal which reaches all military posts and calls the men from their billets and dormitories. Military routine is abandoned. Every notion of private life is upset. One thought dominates everything: *Man the posts!*

This, in a nutshell, is what happens when an invasion begins. But it is not an account of a German invasion of Britain for which we have been preparing and waiting for two years.

It is a quotation from enemy sources, a Nazi admission in the German Press, a publication in the German army's own weekly *Die Wehrmacht*, from which I have taken this first description of what it feels to face the invaders.

And the invaders are British Commandos.

### Defence Confused

German soldiers who have just heard the bells ringing rush along camouflaged buildings and defence installations to man their posts. Nazi pictures show them rubbing the sleep from their eyes. They bump into each other as they run, hastily putting on their tunics and fixing their belts.

Almost invariably the alarm sends them into confusion, although their job is to guard against British invasion. It is not surprising.

Not all of them are hardened and experienced Nazi warriors. Many raw recruits have been sent to the Channel coast because the Nazi High Command was convinced that it would be a long time before Britain would invade or even raid their coastline.

They have even allowed pictures of these raw recruits along the Channel coast to be published. No wonder these men are tired when the bell calls them, because they always have a day of stiff training behind them, marching, shooting, mounting the guns, carrying ammunition, digging trenches.

But there is another reason why they are jumpy. German observer posts, hiding in trenches, are trying desperately hard to penetrate the dark night over the Channel with their powerful glasses. Whenever they think they see a dark speck in the water they sound the alarm.

### Let Them Down

Night after night the men are called out. Even while they try to sleep they listen anxiously to what they call "BU"—the German abbreviation for "Command Transmitter Posts."

"BU" tells them—or is supposed to tell them—when a British force is approaching and what kind of force it is likely to be. How many ships, how many planes, how many men! The Germans are always waiting for "BU" to give them an idea of what is in store for them.

Yet almost every time the Commandos came, "BU" has let them down or sounded the alarm too late.

These men have been called out of their bunks at night dozens of times. Most times they are simply told that the "danger has passed." Alarm is so much in the air that they jump from their beds when their own big guns are only trying to shell Allied shipping in the Channel.

They never know whether the

## Our Raids—Seen by the Germans

By WILLI FRISCHAUER

British will not be upon them in the next few minutes.

And then, one night, the real thing happens.

"Under the cover of night and darkness" as Goebbels himself describes it, "British stormtroops in rubber shoes and with blackened faces land on the French Atlantic coast!"

"BU" has again discovered them too late. The "Black Men" rush up. "Black Men"—that is what the German soldiers call the British Commandos. "Black Men" reminds them of a game which every German youngster plays, of "The Black Man" whom every German youngster fears.

Now German soldier boys are face to face with the "Black Man."

There is an explanation for the reports you have read of wild confusion among the German troops when the Commandos landed. There is a reason for the panic with which their defence posts shoot and shell each other and their own positions.

### Unhappy Veterans

Not all the Nazi defenders on the Channel coast are, of course, inexperienced recruits. But even veterans of many victorious campaigns cannot feel happy when strange dark shadows rise around them at night. When the alarm sounds they never really know where the danger lurks.

When their searchlights succeed in picking up a landing party, they are never sure whether another party has already penetrated deeper. And—is it only a small party this time? Are there no other British units in the neighbourhood?

Have British paratroops reached their headquarters? Or is it even a full-scale invasion for which strong armoured forces must be brought up from far behind?

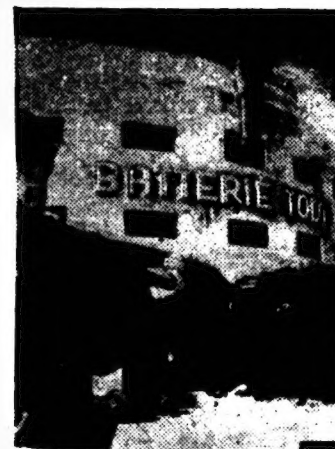
When St. Nazaire was raided, the first German tank column to rush to the aid of the coastal defenders was still thirty miles away when our Commandos were already leaving the beach!

There are other dangers, too, of which the German troops on the Channel coast are well aware. While they are wondering where in front of them the British are, they feel uneasy about what may be going on in their rear.

To a British soldier on British soil night holds no terror. But in Holland, Belgium and France shots are ringing out at night so often that the coastal guards are alarmed even if no alarm is sounded.

They fear the people of the towns and villages which they hold. Shadows take on an ominous meaning. The "Black Men" in front; rebellious natives in the rear. Are you surprised that Nazis are shooting at one another when the British Commandos raid the Continent?

Their only hope lies in the fortifications which an army of labour slaves from a dozen European



Defence posts and gun emplacements are given names of high-ranking Nazis

countries is forced to build in sixteen-hour shifts along the coast. But from Norway to Spain is a long stretch and the German coastal guards know that it will take a long time to give substance to Goebbels' boast that "the Atlantic coast of the Continent is impregnable."

They feel happier where the big German guns have already been mounted. They have been ordered to attend ceremonies whenever a new reinforced concrete defence work has been completed. To reassure them every new structure is given a name famous in the Nazi world—"Batterie Todt," for instance, which is a gun emplacement called after Hitler's late Munitions Minister.

### No Easy Job

But do not run away with the idea that British Commandos have an altogether easy job when they rush the enemy's defences. They have always surprised them. They have always reached their objectives. They have succeeded in accomplishing their task on every occasion.

Yet, most often they had to fight hard. Once the Nazi defenders have recovered from their shock, it is just their fear which makes them fight ferociously. Their panic gives them strength. It takes good men to beat them on their own ground.

And they are being beaten!

Even when there are no Commando raids they are being battered from the air by Hurricane bombers and machine-gunning fighters who sweep the Channel coast with a frightening regularity every day from morning to night.

There is not a British airman who has come back from these daily raids without telling vivid stories of how the German coastal troops run for shelter.

Ruefully now the Nazis remember the days when all was quiet on the Western Front. These days are gone.

The war in the west is on again.

**DON'T GIVE UP THE PAPER CHASE!**

# CLOSE THE FUN FAIRS!

**M**EMBERS of Parliament must lose no time in returning to the attack on the Home Secretary about his complacent attitude concerning the growing evil of fun fairs and amusement arcades.

When last Mr. Morrison was asked to take some action about two months ago, he stated that the information he had did not convince him that these places represented a dramatic evil which is threatening the nation's ruin.

## Abundant Evidence

This view is entirely contrary to the mass of evidence which has forced itself on magistrates, probation officers, religious welfare workers and the police.

Only the other day in a court in the East End of London, the police described three amusement arcades as an "open snare."

It was stated that most of the patrons playing on the automatic crane machines were juveniles and one boy was heard to say: "I have just lost 5s. 6d. of the gov'nor's money."

During three days' police observation, juveniles comprised two-thirds of those gambling there, and they were stated to be literally pouring pennies into the machines.

A police inspector also stated that during morning shopping periods it was not uncommon to see married women spending considerable sums at the crane machines.

The three proprietors of these arcades were fined comparatively small sums.

Dealing with the evil in this way, which is the only one open to the police, is utterly useless.

Whatever fine points or complications there may be in the law governing them, it is clear that the main inducement at these fun fairs is sheer gambling.

## Boys and Girls Lured

These are not days for gambling, anyway, but the position is made much worse by the fact that the fun fairs have grown into a particular lure for boys and girls of fifteen and sixteen. There they are brought into contact with many grown-up bad characters who go there, too.

Goodness knows, I am the last person to try to stop reasonable and sensible amusement; this is nothing of the sort, and Mr. Morrison should not have much trouble in finding that out.

Most detailed reports of various organisations which, I am told, are reaching him should convince him that the evil is certainly dramatic and, while it may not be threatening the nation's ruin, it is doing grievous harm to young people, many of whom in these days are earning good money, which they could much more usefully put into War Savings.

The Amusement Caterers' Association contend that all the fun fairs in their organisation are conducted in a reputable way and that the position could be dealt with by legislation barring children under sixteen.

Personally, I feel quite sure that this would only be toying with the matter and, in any case, the hard fact is that there are probably thousands of these places run by people who do not belong to the Association.

## Hole-and-Corner

In fact, any Tom, Dick or Harry can open one of these fairs in an empty shop anywhere they like. The result is that many have been opened in hole and



Biggest attraction is the crane machine in which most of the money goes. This one lifts cigarettes—if you're very lucky!

## Sir Wyndham Childs' Comments

corner places and their whole environment is thoroughly bad.

Then there is the fact that the chances of winning prizes on many of the machines are very slight and, generally, a very big proportion of the money gambled goes into the pockets of the proprietors. It is difficult to compute the total amount involved, but, taking the whole country into account, it must be a very considerable sum.

One of my investigators, who has just made a round of some of the fun fairs in London, confirmed this both by his own personal experience and observation.

Another pernicious side of the whole business is that when some of the prizes are won the proprietors offer to buy them back at a price which gives them still more profit!

What it leads to when this craze grips

young people is more and more evident in the Juvenile Courts every week.

Of four lads recently in the courts, all of whom had thrown money away at fun fairs, it was revealed that one had stolen his employer's money, another broke into a chemist's shop and robbed the till, a third stole from fellow-workers, while the fourth rifled a friend's pockets.

Two girls aged fifteen and sixteen, charged with stealing from a factory, pleaded that they had done so because they had lost money at a fun fair.

Another boy who stole from his employer lost most of the money on one of the crane machines in a few nights.

So the damning records go on, and it has been found also that grown-ups have been tempted to steal because they had lost sums they could not afford. In one case a man stated he had lost £8 in a week and another declared his losses, in one evening alone, amounted to more than £4.

It is not as if there was any dearth of reasonable amusement, particularly for young people. All theatres and cinemas are open and there are open-air concerts and dancing in parks and open spaces in most towns throughout the country.

As long ago as 1932 a Royal Commission was set up to study this fun fair gambling and other similar problems.

It held that this form of "amusement" was detrimental to young people, and that gaming machines were generally undesirable.

## Nothing was Done

It recommended that "the use of automatic machines and like contrivances for the playing of games for prizes in shops, fair grounds and other places of resort should be specifically prohibited."

Nothing was done. If that was the opinion of the Royal Commission then, I am quite sure that their recommendation would be even stronger now.

So, it is up to Parliament to make the Home Secretary realise that it is time he took the whole matter seriously and closed all these places.

## New Traps for Shopkeepers

**S**MALL shopkeepers, so many of whom now find it hard to make ends meet, should watch out for a new variation of an old racket.

"Serviceman, just invalided out, requires small business. No particular district favoured. Willing buy property. Write price, particulars, etc."

That is the type of advertisement, in a small local paper, that starts the ball rolling.

With the present poor state of the market, the fact that there are many people willing to dispose of businesses who cannot find customers ensures abundant replies.

But when they write to the advertiser they do not get, as one might reasonably expect, a reply by post. Instead, they receive a visit from the "advertiser" in person, who turns out to be an agent for a firm of valuers!

He suavely explains that there is no particular "Serviceman" behind the advertisement, which was inserted as being typical of the sort of client they had on their books.

After considerable talk, during which it seems that his firm buys and sells businesses like magic, and is so successful that it can "guarantee" a sale in almost every case, taken up, this man

gradually comes down to "a small matter of mere routine."

His firm, naturally, makes a charge of half-a-guinea per cent. commission on the amount of each sale, which must be paid in advance.

So well is the tale told, and so convinced are clients that all they have to do is to wait for the "formal" documents to sign and collect their money, that the trick almost invariably works.

Then, alas, nothing more is heard of the matter.

One of my readers, relieved of nearly £27 in this mean but ingenious manner, has written numerous letters to the firm's headquarters without avail, and there are, I fear, many others who have been similarly imposed upon.

## PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

I have awarded this week's £1 to Mr. G. J. M. Thomas, of Church Road, London, N.W.10, for information received.

Every letter giving facts about any scandal or injustice is personally dealt with by me. Please mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."

## Nazis Can't Stop the Dutchmen

**A**LARMED by the growth of Dutch national resistance, Hitler had to send, first, General von Rundstedt; then Heydrich—later to meet his just deserts in Czechoslovakia—and, thirdly, the sinister Himmler himself, in an attempt to quell the rising tide of resistance facing the hated Nazi invaders.

Such is the position inside Holland. Outside, the men of Holland are fighting in the open—and fighting well.

The gallant stand of her sailors and airmen in the China seas; the stout resistance that her soldiers opposed to great odds along the three thousand-mile coastline of Java, will not be forgotten.

Their Navy is in the Battle of the Mediterranean and the Battle of the Atlantic; their Fleet Air Arm wages a bombing war against U-boat bases in Norway; Dutch fighter pilots are serving with the R.A.F.

## Fleet of Boats

And thousands of Dutchmen help to guard the shores of England.

One of the greatest contributions Holland is making to the common cause is the fleet of small boats that made off in a mass from all the little harbours of Holland, under motor, steam, and sail, just as the Germans marched in.

These craft are now swelling the two million tons of Netherlands shipping that is helping to break the stranglehold of the U-boats.

Some of them, manned by the sailors who escaped in them, go mine-sweeping along the shores and seaways.

But the older men and the more fragile craft were set to their old task of fishing, to swell Britain's larder and thus fight the U-boat menace in another way.

But they don't always come back with fish in their holds.

On one occasion a trawler struggled into harbour, her gunwhale flush on the water-line, with a cargo of seventy-three men off a torpedoed British merchantman!

For centuries the secret of diamond-cutting has been fostered in Amsterdam—diamonds with which modern war machines are glazed and burnished to their most effective pitch.

## No Diamonds

Germany is in despair at her inability to obtain industrial diamonds, for she found none in Holland.

They are easy to carry away—and the Dutchmen did carry them away, in their pockets, in their handkerchiefs, in their shoes.

And of these Dutchmen who were left in Holland, it is odd to relate that, when made to register their trades by the Nazis, it appeared there was not a single diamond-cutter left in all the city of Amsterdam!

That is in keeping with the way that the Dutch—a hundred were shot in one week for it—are not helping the German war effort.

Hats off, then, to the Dutch! Theirs, perhaps, is the saddest of the stories of the United Nations.

But it is certainly not the least inspiring.

GEORGE EDINGER

## STRANGER THAN FICTION . . . By WALDO KELLAR

**I**n the lives of most men the happiest moments are lived in the imagination. Perfection is only a dream. The ideal is always unattainable. Man builds a hope out of a vision.

So, even when he realises his high hope, there are always discrepancies between the realisation and his cherished thought of it.

For example . . . the maker of music, struggling through sweat and tears towards a sublime symphony, finds, in the end, that he cannot ever achieve the unearthly beauty that his mind conceived. What the poet says must always be less than his inspiration. The happiness of man is in seeking, and not in finding.

I used to know a little man whom I had better call Smith. I met him in the office of a solicitor. He was a managing clerk—something of an expert in conveyancing.

As a bird takes a dust-bath, so Smith seemed to roll and flutter in the little, dry details of the law.

Oh, that Smith! The stuffy warmth of that dingy office had macerated him.

It had sweated the imagination and the dreams out of the man as opium is sweated out of the seed-pod of a poppy, and there was nothing left of him but a husk.

He earned a fairly large salary, but affected something of the respectable shabbiness of the office he worked in . . . that shabbiness and staleness which is part and parcel of the old-established legal practice.

My business with him was connected with a dispute over a lease. We got to talking about houses. I tried to draw Smith out, for I have an intense interest in people: that is why I can write so many stories.

**E**VENTUALLY, away from the office, he talked a little about himself. He had a wife of whom he would say nothing; two daughters of whom he would say less; no sons; though he wanted a son; a little house of his own in one of those suburbs of North London.

We went for a walk. He wanted to walk to Primrose Hill. When I asked him why, he said something that surprised me.

"There is a house near there that I always walk past if I have the time . . . a lovely house. I love lovely houses."

We saw the house. You can see it for yourself—a charming red brick place on the way to the Zoo from St. John's Wood Station. Smith said:

"That is a pretty house, but there is a prettier one still somewhere. You're a writer, Mr. Kellar, this might interest you . . .

"I always did have a kind of longing for a very beautiful house of my own. I have a nice little house. I don't like it very much, but my wife does, and she has to be considered first.

"But I want to tell you a rather crazy thing. When I was very young my father—he was a very poor man—took me for a rare enough holiday into the country. We lived in Somerstown, and we saw little enough of the grass and trees.

"I was very young. We went somewhere in Kent, and during the week that we stayed there I wandered round enjoying myself enormously and exploring the countryside.

"And one day I saw a house that fascinated me—it stood in the middle of



## The Dream House

a gracious and charming little park, rather well-wooded. The house itself was a low one of red brick with curious arched stone windows.

"To my childish eyes, sir, this house looked like a fairy palace, and I used to hang about it, just looking at it, and promising myself that when I grew up, if I became rich, I would buy myself a house just like that and play in the park.

"Well, we went back to Somerstown, and I remember feeling miserable, and crying a bit, because I had a dread of our poky little place after that beautiful house.

"But it passed. I went to work, and worked hard, and I forgot all about it until about two years ago.

"I have a lot of responsibilities, and sometimes I get very tired. Well, I remember that this was a very warm day and I had been cooped up, working furiously all the morning and afternoon. I got on a bus at Tottenham Court Road, a 73.

"I felt dozy and perhaps I dozed off for a moment, but as we were going along the Euston Road I looked out of the window and I had quite a shock. The bus was going fairly slowly on account of the traffic by Euston Station.

"I looked idly out of the window and there was my house. Yes, sir, there it was, that nice old house of red brick with the little white windows of stone, resting very charmingly in the middle of this gracious little park.

"And for the moment my heart missed a beat. I sat up and blinked as the bus jolted on, and I looked back, and the house wasn't there.

**W**ELL, you know, sir, that quite upset me. I thought I was seeing things. And so I must have been, because, silly as it may sound, I have walked up and down the Euston Road a hundred times since then . . . wondering if I might catch a glimpse of that place again . . . don't laugh at me, because if it was a daydream (as it must have been) I . . . I wanted to have it again . . .

"But no. There isn't any such house there. I never saw it any more. Pity. And I do very much like these calm, peaceful little houses standing in just a little bit of their own ground, with a few trees and bushes of their own . . . and I sometimes feel almost homesick

for the sight of that place I loved so much when I was a poor little child.

"I went back there for a holiday last year to find the place. But it had been pulled down."

**P**OOOR Smith. Poor little man. Marooned in the emptiness of a suburb while his imprisoned soul, struggling like a captured bird, yearned after that one dream of his childhood!

I never saw him again. But I saw his dream house. It happened to be riding in a 73 bus one bright afternoon in August; and, approaching Euston, along that dreary road, I thought of Smith, and instinctively looked out of the window on the left of the bus. And my heart, also, missed a beat.

For there, like a scene in a dream, lying among the trees, I saw a pleasant red brick house. It had rounded windows of white stone. A strange, unearthly charm hung over it.

At that moment the bus stopped. It was a traffic jam. I looked at the house. Then I looked away through the opposite window of the bus.

A sadness came down upon me. What I had been seeing was a reflection of the post office in the window I was sitting by. Beyond this window there lay a grubby wooded square with a Y.M.C.A. hut in it. The reflection was superimposed on the soot-drunk trees.

That was the house Smith saw. God knows what place his childish eyes reflected as paradise.

But this was his dream house.

## REWARD: A GANGSTER'S FUNERAL

**N**AZIS who poisoned the air with their hymns of war and hate are singing another tune now.

Most popular song in Germany these days is Chopin's Funeral March.

Hardly a week passes without a State funeral in Berlin. Hitler shedding crocodile tears as he shakes the hands of a friend's widow or orphan is quite a familiar sight.

The ranks of the original Nazis are thinning.

The flight of Hess made the first big gap in the Nazi leadership. Yet even before he departed, Streicher, the Jew-baiter, disappeared from the Nazi scene either into a concentration camp or into a mausoleum—nobody knows!

Kriebel, little known abroad, but perhaps Hitler's best friend, is dead.

In rapid succession, some of the pillars of the Nazi strength of yore collapsed: Udet, the stunt-pilot who became a key-man in the Luftwaffe, died mysteriously. He was followed quickly by the "best Nazi airman ever," Moelders, victim of an accident.

They say in Germany that big Nazis who die have joined the "Horst Wessel" regiment in Valhalla, the Teutonic heaven. The place must be getting crowded.

Highest-ranking Nazi in that regiment was Dr. Todt, Hitler's Armaments Minister. Another candidate, now very ill or, maybe, already dead, is ex-Food Minister Darre. The latest arrival, though, Heydrich, tops the list.

There is a score of Gauleiters, Reichs-Leaders and other Nazi functionaries who are no more.

Nazi military leadership has suffered heavy losses. Think only of Libya!

## Human Machine

## Trust Yourself

● To say "Trust yourself!" may sound like needless advice. How many do you know who neither need nor seek the support of others for their thoughts, their beliefs, their actions?

There aren't really so many people who trust themselves—for there aren't so many people as all that who have thought out for themselves the principles on which their lives should be lived.

"What I must do is all that concerns me," wrote Emerson, "not what the people think. This rule . . . is the harder, because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you do.

"It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude."

Think your own thoughts—and trust them and believe in them because they are your own. So many people distrust them for just that very reason!

You may be wrong? Well, what then? Find out the right, and work ahead from that. Never mind what people think. Let them think.

Your job is to carve out your own way, and your chief concern is to develop your own character and expand your own life.

Learn to be self-reliant. How can you respect anything if you don't first respect yourself?

Three generals are buried in Bardia alone. Ravenstein, Cruwell and Schmidt are in our hands—dead as far as the Nazis are concerned.

Russian parachutists have killed the highest-ranking German general to be killed in action in this war: Corps-Commander Schoberth.

Altogether, the Nazis admit, 50 German generals have either been captured or killed or wounded in the fighting on all fronts.

Quite a few are missing from the public eye. They have had no State funeral. No one knows whether they are dead or alive. But they have dropped out of the war.

Among them are two Fieldmarshals, Brauchitsch, ex-Commander-in-Chief of the German army, and Blaskowitz, Nazi hero of the war against Poland. There is mystery around the fate of tank-general Guderian.

But the most glorified German victim of the war is Fieldmarshal Reichenau.

The list could be continued. Small wonder Hitler is getting short of Nazi leaders and generals.

Hardly surprising, too, that those who have survived do not look confidently into the future. They know that, sooner or later, Hitler's war will claim their lives.

What's to  
"John Bull"  
About it

# VOICE OF THE TROOPS

★ If you have a letter with a good adventure story we may use it at greater length, with payment at higher rates. 10s. 6d. for all other letters published. Service letters are returned. Address: "Voice" JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

**T**RAINING ended, a British Tommy boards a troopship for Libya.

There is nobody to see him off. He cannot even tell his relatives when he is leaving—or how. Hitler wants that news.

A few weeks of crowded experience, and then—Egypt.

What happens between then and the day he tastes his first battle is told by T. P. R. Collins, F.L. (7,938,459), writing to his wife at Seaton Road, Yeovil, Somerset:

Right in the middle of a slap-up time we were told we had to move. We packed that night and boarded a midnight train from the base.

It was a strange journey. There were four of our crowd in a carriage full of Indians. They were good fellows—but what a jabber as we tried to make friends!

We travelled through the night and up till five the next afternoon, when we pulled into a rest camp for a night. Before us stretched the desert, in all its vastness and loneliness.

We were among date plantations, so it was perhaps a pity we had to make an early morning departure.

On we go now along a crude desert railway. It took us right out into the middle of the huge waste, where we stayed again for the night.

Next morning we could see that trains could take us no farther. The rails ended abruptly in the sand. We began a three and a half days' journey by convoy across this wilderness of sand.

My dear, it is nothing like the films portray. We ran into two sandstorms—and, believe me, I'd rather have blizzards any day. Then, arriving, we were told we were going into action—and the morale of the men was wonderful.

If anybody felt down in the dumps about the journey or the heat, it disappeared. It was impossible to have a worry in such light-hearted company.

## READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

**E**XAMINATION BOARD question to man who wanted to fly for the R.A.F.: "What wine goes with grouse?"—R. W. L., 84, Watermoor Road, Cirencester, Glos.

★ ★ ★  
My wife, in bed with new baby, found herself unable to feed the child herself. Friend rushed to clinic for dried baby food. Because friend ten minutes late, curtly told: "You're too late. Come again next week."—L. T. Bastin, 47, Elba Avenue, Margam Road, Port Talbot, S. Wales.

★ ★ ★  
Cigarettes sent to my brother in the R.A.F. disappear in the post. They were addressed to a private billet. I am told that such losses of cigarettes sent to soldiers and other serving men is enormous. If cases were reported to a paper like JOHN BULL, the authorities might be made to realise the extent of this wicked theft, and take action accordingly.—Miss Winifred Ingham, Whalley Road, Padiham, near Burnley.

But battle wasn't really so near, it appeared. Next morning we were given the choice of seventy cigarettes, a tin of fruit with bar of chocolate, or a bottle of beer. And what do you think most men chose? I can hear you naming the wrong item.

It was the chocolate—because it lasts longer!

And somebody really bright saw to it that we were given the finest meal since our desert journey began.

Two days of quiet—then our first move into action.

I took on a guard when our artillery suddenly begins to shell Jerry. Jerry started to fire back, and that's how the whole thing started.

It turned out to be a real battle, a battle you will have read about by now in the papers. But I shall save the full story up till I see you, and that, our wonderful commanding officer swears, will be before next Christmas!

## "ROMANTIC" DESERT

Behind every battle in the Libyan desert is a vast machine in which even typewriters play their part.

A picture of this "Background to Battle" is given by Sub-Cdr. G. D. Barnes, R.A.O.C., in a letter to his wife at Stubbington Avenue, North End, Portsmouth:

Officers are madly clamouring for something to be typed. "Sorry, sir, but it can't be done. Typewriters are full of sand."

"To hell with the sand, and this country, too."

"As you say, sir."

The Brigadier clamours: "Why can't my table be kept clean?" Answer: "Waste of time, sir. It would be just as bad in five minutes." "Yes, I suppose you're right."

A break for a snatched meal, half sand, and you return to the job to find all the military secrets buried. A few whisks of a folded newspaper and they reappear. We work for five minutes, brush sand away for the next five. And so to bed—a bed of sand.

## READ IT AGAIN

JOHN BULL certainly gets about in the Libyan desert.

Mrs. E. Rogers, of Whiteway Road, Kingsteigton, Newton Abbot, Devon, has just received proof of it in an airgraph from her nephew, Driver Clode, of the Royal Engineers:

While I was standing in a sandstorm waiting for my lunch to-day a fellow picked up a sheet of paper that was blowing by.

It was a piece of JOHN BULL, so we had a look at it. And there, on it, was one of my letters to you. You didn't say anything about sending it to JOHN BULL. Wasn't it funny how I saw it?

## MALTA, G.C.

Now a note on brave little Malta—from Bernard Sanders (rank not stated), writing to his mother at Slade Gardens, West Cross, Swansea:

You may not think it very important that the George Cross has been conferred on Malta, but the Maltese people think a great deal of it.

They, like the military population, are standing up to it wonderfully. No matter how many bombs he drops it makes no difference whatsoever to Malta's resistance.

# Always Pay Up—

THEY ALL FIGHT NOW: II—and the Pay Corps has to be tough enough not only to get the money through anywhere where British troops are fighting but also to join in the battle, if needed

By MAURICE FAGENCE

**O**NE of the proudest boasts of the British Army is: *We always get through with the soldiers' pay.*

Where a Guardsman can go with his bayonet, there must the Royal Army Pay Corps penetrate with its little tin boxed.

Remember the long siege of Tobruk?

The R.A.P.C. always arrived in time with the cash—thanks to the determination alike of its own men and of the British Navy.

There wasn't much the besieged men could do with the money, apart from crown and anchor.

But the Royal Army Pay Corps considered that as none of its business. It lived up to its motto: "Whatever the danger, we always get through with the pay."

Remember the recent occupation of Madagascar?

Among the first British soldiers to arrive were the men who carried what is affectionately known as "the dibs."

Strange looking dibs it was, to the men who had just occupied the country.

For the British Army always insists on paying out, at once, in the coinage of the country where the money is to be spent.

It means hard work for the R.A.P.C. The small change of dozens of different countries has to be saved up in immense quantities—just in case it might be needed some day.

## Have to be Tough

But the reason is an important one. The British Army isn't of a looting nature—but it must never have the faintest excuse for looting.

In addition, the British soldier with a few bob to spend soon wins the hearts of any populace.

So the money gets through.

From the point of view of our troops in Libya it gets through strangely, unaccountably, to the remotest parts of the desert.

But it isn't so strange and unaccountable.

It is largely guts—guts on the part of the fellows so many people regard as non-combatants, the men of the Royal Army Pay Corps.

They are dumped by truck, aeroplane or even camel out in the wilds.

Various units are given a map reference telling them where the men with the money can be found.

Representatives go along. There is something akin to rush hour in the General Post Office—out beneath that blistering sun.

And once again the money gets through.

I have talked this week to some of the men who helped to get it through. Tough-looking guys. And they have to be tough.

One of them had helped to distribute money over an area of a million square miles in the East African campaign.

Sometimes the men with the money moved forward with our attacking columns.

Sometimes they moved forward in small armed parties. And sometimes these armed parties were ambushed.

It meant fighting their way out.

But always they got away with the cash.



Tree trunks or pound notes—it's all the same to the Cashier's Army in this war

Let distances give you some idea of the work involved.

A Pay Office was set up for the attack on Abyssinia.

The Royal Army Pay Corps had to move forward with the army, establishing new offices as it went.

The chain of offices reached Kismayu, 400 miles away. Mogadiscio, 700 miles away. Gabredarre, 1,000 miles away. Harrar, another 500 miles. And finally, after another 250 miles had been covered, Addis Ababa.

Pay Corps men had to travel in anything that could fly—often mixed up with spare parts and stores, but always with one eye on the precious money.

They had to race to distant places before the rains broke, under such intolerable conditions that none but the strongest could endure them.

To be late at a particular town might mean that work essential to the arrival of an army might not be done.

And all the time the Royal Army Pay Corps had to make sure that they paid out in a coinage that was acceptable locally.

We had to mint Maria Theresa dollars in India for issue in Abyssinia.

In Italian Somaliland we suddenly discovered that we had taken along coins for which there was no demand, and we had to rush East African coinage from Kenya.

The Italians tried to trick us in Abyssinia before retreating.

## They Weren't Tricked

They created a situation in which the native and other labour so valuable to us insisted on Italian lire.

But we weren't to be tricked.

The Royal Army Pay Corps found the lire it wanted—and then, by offering East African currency on more advantageous terms than Italian coinage, soon dispelled this embarrassing respect for Italian money.

Throughout that campaign pay masters were away for weeks together, sleeping by the roadside, digging out their trucks, existing on what food they could find, and fighting.

I want you to bear that picture in mind for a moment.

# & Ready to Scrap!

For now I am going to give you a rather different one.

I called at one of the biggest Royal Army Pay Corps depots in Britain.

The proud commanding officer told me that he was going to parade the men for my benefit, as he wanted me to see what a fine, keen, eager body of men they were, and how eager to fight.

But it was noon of one of the hottest days this year. It means that the men would have to do semi-Commando attacks—on rough cobblestones and in full kit.

## Reply to Insults

I said I would prefer not to inflict that ordeal on them. And the word went to them: "No parade."

Old soldiers might prefer not to believe my description of what followed.

I got a message from the men saying they wanted to parade. They wanted me to see them "do their stuff."

People in the town had flung at them such taunts as "Why don't you join the real army?"

To stand on guard in a public place was to be insulted by people of the white feather-giving kidney.

So these men made it plain to me that they didn't care what they were called on to do as long as they could help teach people, through the medium of JOHN BULL, that they were as keen to fight Hitler's legions as any other soldiers.

I will address in very few words the people who have hurt these very fine fellows.

Many of the men they insult are being trained to go out into the battlefields and do just the heroic work I have described.

Others are ear-marked to do the same work in this country if invasion should come.

But there are some who are in the Royal Army Pay Corps for reasons of physical disability.

Every one of those lower category men rejoices to know that if the enemy comes he has a place in the fighting line reserved for him.

Their commanding officer has yet to meet one Royal Army Pay Corps man out of the thousands under him who doesn't want to fight if the need arises.

But pretty well to a man they are hedgering their officers for a chance to drop their pens for guns.

He has to lecture them to make them keep their fighting spirits in check.

He tells them that if the Royal Army Pay Corps broke down it would be just as serious as if any other corps broke down.

It is absolute truth—but still he wonders if they believe him.

Well, they did their show for me.

I have never seen such keenness. Every man might have been keyed up for the Olympic Games.

## In Their Own Time

They have mastered unarmed combat. They can climb walls in full kit. They can handle every type of gun. They carry out feats which were not expected of the soldier of the line until the Commandos came into being.

And all this they have learnt to do in their own time—outside the hours in which they have to do what must be one of the most trying jobs that falls to the lot of a soldier.

I will tell you about that work next week. Tommy himself will learn with surprise what turmoil there might be, what unhappiness for himself and heart-break for his loved ones, if that work failed...

# SWAFFER'S BRAIN TRUST

## WAS HITLER GOOD FOR US?

● I wonder, when Posterity sums up the results of World War II, how it will assess the losses and gains on the balance-sheet of Time?

It will depend on how nations, re-dedicated to liberty, and inspired to higher ideals, rebuild the ruins of a shattered world.

The infinite purpose of creation makes use even of what seems, at the time, only calamity and chaos.

Hitler, not by intent, of course, has moved the hearts of millions threatened with the loss of freedom as nothing else could have done.

The war he began for his own foul ends has exposed much that was rotten, and at the best old-fashioned and effete.

Mankind, if it is wise, will move on a century because of its few years of suffering.

But it is up to you and me.

## CAN WE BELIEVE GOEBBELS?

● There is, to my surprise, a reluctance on the part of some newspapers to accept as genuine the recent disclosures of the Goebbels propaganda machine.

He is trying to encourage "Strength through fear," to terrify the Germans into even greater resistance.

"That is only artfulness," argue sceptics. "He is trying to lull the democracies into carelessness."

Goebbels, to my mind, is now telling the plain truth.

In this, unfortunately, he is helped by the stupid speeches of Lord Vansittart.

If Goebbels continually tells them this, how can we shorten the war by driving the Nazis from their dupes?

## DO WE NEGLECT YOUTH?

● Basil Henriques, president of the children's court in East London, has done a great service by pointing out how, when a boy leaves school at fourteen—yes, at fourteen!—the State takes no further interest in him until, at eighteen, he is liable for Service.

At fourteen thousands of boys drift into blind alley occupations from which they are soon sacked to make way for other ill-paid fourteen-year-olds.

Lord Lang, just before he resigned, pleaded at Canterbury for compulsory education until fifteen.

In the same week, Dr. Hewlett Johnson, his "Red Dean," told another Canterbury audience that in Russia education was compulsory up to the age of sixteen!

## SHOULD MARRIED TEACHERS TEACH?

● If a married actress can act, if a married authoress can write, and if a married palmist can palm, why cannot a married woman teacher teach?

The difficulty, of course, is the time she would have to take off during child-bearing. But is that too difficult a problem for a race that withstood air-raids?

The Board of Education has lifted the ban on married women during the war. This is because teachers are short.

But we always want more, anyway, for classes should be shorter and lessons more personal.

Besides, women with children of their own are better equipped to understand the offspring of others.



She has not had much education and feels she could not entertain his relations and friends

# SHOULD I MARRY THIS MAN?

By HUMANIST

two can be mastered; the others, which lie deeper, are more difficult.

If marriage is out of question it would be wise to break off the association, but it is hard luck on the man who cares so desperately.

"THIS is my grouse," writes another man. "My wife is an excellent woman in every way, and although we have got along splendidly until recently, we have begun to quarrel. The whole trouble is that my wife has a mania for cleaning the home thoroughly, from top to bottom, every day."

"She does upstairs; then downstairs; and then she does it all over again. In fact, it is an everlasting Spring-cleaning process. I try to make her rest, but she is determined to keep on. After a heavy wash-day she will set to work and scrub every floor in the house whether it needs it or not."

"It is one eternal, everyday performance, and just plain slavery. Any suggestion from you would be appreciated."

No doubt we all know similar cases. The desire to keep a home spotlessly clean is admirable provided it is kept within reasonable limits, but when it becomes an obsession—

what psychologists describe as obsessive compulsive—it shows a lack of proportion. Housework can be terrible slavery, but in many instances it is the housewife who drives herself. Her husband would be happier if she were a little less particular and made the place more like a home.

A NOTHER curious phobia—or un-reasoned fear—is described in a letter from a woman reader. "I have kept calm in bad air raids," she writes, "gone through two big operations without any fear; but I wonder if you will think me silly when I tell you that my biggest dread is having people behind me at the pictures, especially when they talk or crackle paper."

"When that happens I just go to pieces. I have to move to another seat to prevent myself screaming. I always try to sit at the end of a row so that I can move without disturbing others. Should the picture-house get full I have to leave."

"You may advise me not to go to the pictures, but I am very fond of them, and it is my only pleasure. I have tried hard not to let such trifles affect me, but it is useless."

If we could learn the origin of our queer dislikes we should be halfway to getting rid of them, but the investigation might take a long time. The fear of being in a small room—claustrophobia—often began in early infancy. So also did its opposite: the fear of open spaces. Both these fears can cause intense suffering—real bodily anguish accompanied by sweating and palpitations.

If a woman cannot endure having someone behind her in a cinema the obvious remedy is to sit in the back row. She should explain her trouble to the manager and he would be willing to reserve a special seat for her.

WILL class distinctions disappear from this country as a result of the war? They are certainly growing less every year, but I don't think a problem like the following will cease for a long time yet.

"A friend of mine," says the writer, "a thoroughly decent fellow, who has a good position in an armament factory, has fallen desperately in love with a pretty girl who works for him. But she refuses to marry him because she comes of the poorer classes and has not had much education."

"She feels that she would not be able to entertain his relations and friends, and that she would let him down. Considering the difference in their social positions, and the girl's attitude towards him, do you think it advisable for him to break off his association with her?"

Hundreds of girls would leap at the chance of such a marriage, but only those with intelligence and adaptability would make a success of it. The rest would make life unhappy for both of them. One must give this girl credit for looking far ahead. If she really could not do justice to the position of wife to this man she is right in refusing. The difference between social classes is not so much in the amount of school education as in speech, manners, taste, and ways of looking at things. The first

## GUINEAS FOR READERS

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

## GOD'S HAND-PRINT

ALL things with God's Hand-Print upon them transcend Life's material things, the sound in our ears, the sight in our eyes, and the flight in sky-soaring wings. The hope in men's hearts, and Faith's Mainspring, the gold edge of Love on Life's Scroll, the thoughts in our brain, and the quenchless power of our Conscience within our soul.

CREATION'S inscrutable mystery which all men have tried to expound, yet when they have traced Evolution, God's Power to make Life is Profound. And the sleep that is Life and the sleep that is Death, and God's Finger dividing the two, and the stars which men count, yet not one could they add if they found there was one star too few!

THE instinct and urge of Nature deep in both beast and man, and the shape of the state which we designate Life, which is the Breath-Print of the Omnipotent Plan. Thus the things that we cannot lay hold of are the things beyond the World's Price, for though we lose our soul through Life's material things, we can gain HEAVEN by a SACRIFICE. J. M.

## I stopped my HEADACHE



I stopped my headache by taking Beecham's Powders. They are QUICKER ACTING and MORE CERTAIN in results because of their special powder form. Just try one if you suffer from Headaches, Nerve Pains, Rheumatic Twinges, Colds or Chills.

Prices in Great Britain (Including Purchase Tax): Cartons of 8 Powders 1/4. Single Powders 2 1/2 each.

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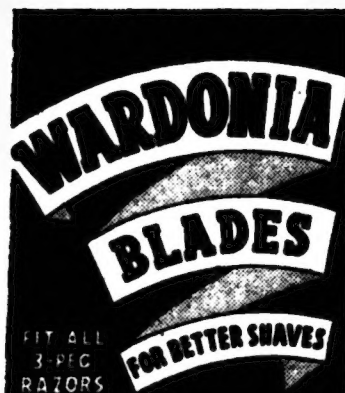
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## THE LAST LAUGH

M. H. (Manningtree).—"Have you ever known a time when what used to seem a gentle incline, to be taken in your stride, has suddenly become a steep mountain, to be struggled up inch by inch?" Yes, when we gave up our car for a bicycle.

S. O. (Preston).—"An American journalist says that he once saw Hitler win a prize at a Munich Fair shooting gallery." Whether the future Fuehrer got a cigar or nuts is not recorded, but it was probably nuts, as he has been that way ever since.

A. N. (Rochester).—"I expected to inherit something from him, but when the will was read I found that all he had bequeathed me was a hideous vase that I had foolishly admired." That was a nasty jar for you.

B. S. (Highgate).—"I once gave an exhibition of all-in wrestling with two opponents on the beach of a south coast resort." You were adjusting a couple of refractory deck-chairs for yourself and the wife?

R. V. (Hendon).—"When a person is lying down his hearing is particularly acute." Nevertheless, many boxers apparently don't hear the referee counting.

L. Y. (Leamington Spa).—"Have you found anything useful among the last batch of poems I sent you?" Yes, the stamped addressed envelope.

W. D. (Biggleswade).—"I once attended the first night of a new play, and for several minutes before the curtain went up the author was sitting in a box yawning." Well, he knew what was coming.

C. J. (Aberdeen).—"I have told my wife that it would not be right for us to go away for a holiday this year. It is the duty of every patriot to keep the railways clear for important traffic." See letter below.

Mrs. J. (Aberdeen).—"My husband has never taken me away for a holiday since we were married ten years ago." See letter above.

V. P. (Swannington).—"If you don't like the enclosed article, which is the first of a series I have written, will you please send it on to the salvage people?" We have done so. And will you please send the remaining articles direct to them?



### OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Gosh! We were close to a terrible crisis the other day! An American soldier nearly put one foot over the border into the Free State by mistake."

### Side-Slips

THE EVENING WORLD:—"One of its aims is to economise in the margin of supplies now allowed to CHOPKEEPERS. . ."

THE ABERDEEN EVENING EXPRESS:—"Aircraft CAPITULATED from their decks circled round the harbour as they approached."

BELFAST NEWS-LETTER:—" . . . and specialists are working out new means of using MONEY for sweetening."

EXPRESS AND STAR:—"The result was the recent award to . . . of a two-year Lord Leverhulme scholarship, value £125 per year."

THE STIRLING OBSERVER:—"He was greatly suspected throughout the county, and many friends will mourn his passing."

### GREATEST OF THESE

● Physically fit in 1939, Norman Jepson joined the Army. Later he was severely injured at Dunkirk and discharged from His Majesty's Forces.

He now suffers from severe neurosis, wears a spinal jacket, can hardly walk, and is totally unfit for work. This brave young man is terribly depressed, for he has the responsibility of keeping his wife and two children. Their rent is £1 a week, being seven weeks in arrears; and unavoidable debts for coal and hire-purchase furniture have been incurred.

Our readers can imagine how heart-breaking is this little family's struggle against overwhelming difficulties. Donations earmarked "Jepson" will help to alleviate their troubles. Letters for this case, or for our General Fund, should be sent to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. They will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Every penny sent is passed to those in need, for all administration expenses are borne by JOHN BULL.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

\*Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."



Result of "BULLETS" 1,326  
FIRST PRIZE £50

P. Connolly, "Hillside," Kirkheaton, Huddersfield, for this "Bullet":

THE REDS  
PATTERN "PAPER-HANGER" CAN'T "MATE."

520: G. Pike, 175, May St., Basingstoke. "Bulleted"—Churchill's "Command of English."

510: M. E. Evans, "Braycot," Elwy Rd., Rhos-on-Sea. "Bulleted"—"Impressions" "Him"—"Arrests" "Everyone!"

55: J. J. Conran, 25, Horse Farm Rd., Wigan, Middx. "Bulleted"—"Devil's Schemes"—"Winston's Problem."

54: G. Flanagan, 41, Alburgh Hall Ave., Liverpool. "The Red"—"Proving Communism as 'Bulleted'."

53: Mrs. M. Jarvis, 57, Ashgrove, Levensall, Manchester. "Bulleted"—"The Future"—"Hank"—"Ging."

52: S. Pinner, 111, Farm, Shalford, Wiltshire, Wey. "Way To Get Unity"—"Underlying Mind"—"Overpaying Mind?"

51: G. Goss, Whidden Down, Chesham, Bucks. "Bulleted"—"Of School"—"Made School's Output"—"Pump."

50: W. S. Evans, "Marey," Devins Rd., Wroughton, Oxon. "Bulleted"—"Bulleted"—"Fishing His 'Boy'."

49: E. Heath, 51, Millman Rd., Reading. "To Prove Our Food"—"Winston"—"Solid"—"Bulleted"—"Assembly!"

48: A. Simpson, 24, Main St., Melton Rd., Leicester. "Bulleted"—"De—Bore"—"Twiddling Thumb."

47: Mrs. K. Cook, 25, Yew Tree Ave., Manchester. "Bulleted"—"At School"—"For Fun?"

A list of 20 winners of 10s. and 50 winners of 5s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Mark Awards have also been posted.

### 2 BIG CHEQUES

WON IN XWORD No. 278

WINNING WORDS: 1. Change. 2. Talk. 3. Snow. 4. Curious. 5. Reg. 6. Walk. 7. Check. 8. Car. 9. Puss. 10. Ball. 11. Laps. 12. Bank. 13. Fash. 14. Knees.

2500 SHARERS: G. R. Asher, D.I.L.A.2, Somerset—In-Strain: Mrs. L. Lock, 25, Bolton Gardens, Earl's Court, S.W.

Awards value 250 shared between 27 Sharers—4p. SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR PRIZES VALUE

# FOOD FACTS

## The Radio Doctor says:

"If possible gather your green vegetables fresh, cook them and eat them as soon as they are ready. Use the vegetable water for soup. Lettuce isn't the only salad vegetable, and it is by no means the best. King the changes on endive, watercress, finely shredded carrot, cabbage, spinach and raw beetroot."

"Food Facts" has reached its century! For nearly two years this feature has helped you to solve your wartime cooking problems.

Do you remember the recipes for potato pastry, wartime champ, prune roly? Or the hints on making a hay-box, bottling fruit without sugar, drying herbs? These are just a few of the hints and recipes which have appeared. Many equally practical and economical are still to come.

Thousands of housewives tell us that they cut out "Food Facts" for reference. We cannot supply back numbers, so you will be wise to start cutting out and keeping "Food Facts" with this issue.

## LET US REMIND YOU:

### COOKING GREEN VEGETABLES

If you have a garden, don't cut your vegetables until you actually need them.

It is a mistake to soak green vegetables for a long time before cooking, as this wastes valuable mineral salts. Wash them thoroughly in cold, salted water.

Green vegetables must be cooked as quickly as possible. So shred them—that is, slice them with a knife. Shred any green vegetable except spinach, which cooks so quickly it does not need it. Divide cauliflowers into sprigs.

Green vegetables should never be drowned in water. You need only just enough water to keep your pan from burning—usually a teacupful will do.

Bring the water to the boil, add a little salt, and put in the shredded greens.

Now put the lid on the pan. This is important because the greens are to be "steam boiled," and if the steam escapes the pan may go dry.

Cook steadily for about 10 to 15 minutes. Give the pan a shake or two during that time. Serve at once.

**"POTATO JANE"**  
Time: Preparation 5 minutes. Cooking 45 minutes to an hour.  
Ingredients: 1 lb. potatoes, 3 oz. cheese, 2 oz. breadcrumbs, 1 chopped leek, 1 pint of milk, salt and pepper.  
Quantity: 4 helpings. Method: Put a layer of sliced potatoes in a fireproof dish. Sprinkle with some of the leek, crumbs, cheese and seasoning. Fill dish with alternate layers, finishing with a layer of cheese and crumbs. Pour over the milk and bake in a moderate oven for 45 minutes, or steam in a basin for 1 hour. Serve with a raw vegetable salad.

Cheer up end-of-season potatoes. Boil peeled potatoes in fast boiling salted water with a teaspoonful of vinegar. Mash, and cover with chopped parsley and mint, or chopped watercress, or chopped carrot tops, or beat in raw chopped spinach, or vegetable or meat extract, or sprinkle with toasted oatmeal or browned crumbs.

Cook large potatoes in their skins in boiling salted water. When they show signs of cracking, add cup of cold water; this will drive heat to the centre of the potato and hasten cooking.

FOOD FACTS No. 100. THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.I.

## FALSE TEETH

Are they on your mind?

When, through shrinkage of the gums, a denture loses its original suction grip, discomfort and embarrassment serve as constant reminders of its presence in the mouth. To end this unpleasant state of denture-consciousness use KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE for making false teeth fit firmly. Comfort and confidence are restored and there will be no more chafing of the gums, no more embarrassing situations. Handy sprinker tins 1/3d., also large 'Economy' size 3/3d., from all Chemists.

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## SO EASY TO AVOID INDIGESTION

Fully 90 per cent. of stomach sufferers need never endure another twinge of indigestion if they kept the acidity of their stomach within bounds. Doctors agree that the quickest, safest way to alkalize an acid stomach is to take 'Milk of Magnesia' after meals. Thousands of former sufferers have discovered this unfailing way of avoiding indigestion, wind, nausea, sour repeating, and worse gastric troubles. Foods that once tortured them, they can now enjoy and digest to their heart's content. If you are subject to indigestion get 'Milk of Magnesia' and take it after your next meal. It makes food agree and eases digestion amazingly. You'll be delighted. Be sure to get 'Milk of Magnesia' 1/5 and 2/10 (treble quantity). (Including Purchase Tax.) Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 7d., 1/11, 2/3 and 3/11. (Including Purchase Tax.) Obtainable everywhere.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trademark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

## Where are those PIMPLES? banished by Cadum

No matter how long your skin has been disfigured by ugly pimples, Cadum Ointment will speedily bring a complete cure. Thousands vouch for this—skin eruptions are banished, leaving no trace. No skin trouble can resist this wonder-working Cadum Ointment. Eczema, blotches, ringworm, piles, burns, all yield at once. First the irritation disappears, then quickly a healthy new skin begins to grow, obliterating all disfigurement. Of all chemists and drug stores, 1/5 and 3/5 a box (including Tax).



## CASH PRIZES 325 and BULLETS

ENTER HERE for £100 First Prize and Awards value £25 between Runners-up. For result of Xword No. 278, see page 14. To win in this week's Competition, study Clues carefully and enter on Coupon below.

| CLUES                                                           | Answers every clue by entering letter in entry column. | 5 <sup>th</sup> Entry-fee for 1 Col. 5 <sup>th</sup> 5 <sup>th</sup> 5 <sup>th</sup> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1 IT'S SHOCKING BAD LUCK FOR POLAR EXPLORERS TO BE DEATED BY    | CE                                                     |                                                                                      |
| 2 THERE'S GORE TO BE DONE SORT OF REACTION AFTER ONE HAS BEEN   | D PED                                                  |                                                                                      |
| 3 FEW AVISABLE ACTIONS WOULD FEEL SATISFIED FLAVORS WHEN A POST | LEA                                                    |                                                                                      |
| 4 IF TOO ELEVATED, THIS MAY HIDE THE GARE                       | UN                                                     |                                                                                      |
| 5 SOME MEN ARE GRATEFUL LATER FOR INFLUENCE OF SCHOOLMASTER'S   | CA E                                                   |                                                                                      |
| 6 ARTIST MAY SOMETIMES SELECT ONE FOR LADY MODEL                | OSE                                                    |                                                                                      |
| 7 HELPFUL TO SOLDIERS BATTERING THEIR WAY THROUGH OBSTACLES     | R M                                                    |                                                                                      |
| 8 ONE SETS THIS WORKING IN WEAVING MILL                         | WAR                                                    |                                                                                      |
| 9 NOT GIVING IN TO THEM, PROBABLY AFFORDS SWEET A GIVE JOY      | AIN                                                    |                                                                                      |
| 10 TYPICAL WIRE TO CLIENT IS SOMETIMES                          | RT                                                     |                                                                                      |
| 11 WILL PROBABLY ARRIVE SOONER IF HELPED BY ADDRESS             | PO T                                                   |                                                                                      |
| 12 SHORT OF ONE OUT OF HAND IS LIKELY TO FRIGHTEN THIS PERSON   | OB                                                     |                                                                                      |
| 13 DOES CERTAIN AMOUNT OF PROPAGANDA DAY                        | STA E                                                  |                                                                                      |
| 14 BELLOWS MAY LEAD TO FLARE-UP AND TO THIS                     | LOW                                                    |                                                                                      |

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated July 11.

P.O. Value.....CLOSING POSTMARK

No. ....MONDAY, JUNE 29

Signed .....

Address.....

282 CUT ROUND THIS LINE

## ADDRESS ENTRY With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets" —see entry-fee covers both entries.

**RULES** 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullets received, and other prizes in order of merit, the best being chosen, aptness and originality. Xword First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co.; write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of N.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated July 18, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

## ENTER HERE 1<sup>st</sup> PRIZE £50 CASH

£20, £10, 100s., 80s., 60s., 40s., 38s., 36s., 34s., 32s., 28s., 20 of 10s., 50 of 2s. 6d., 1,000 Merit Awards. Simply add 2, 3 or 4 words of apt and original comment to any EXAMPLE. First Prize Joy Wire goes Friday, July 10. Before starting on your efforts for coupon below, study the good points of the leading BULLETS in our 1,326th Contest on page 14.

**ARMAGEDDON IN BRITAIN TO-DAY WE SALUTE MAN WHO FIGHTS TO PUNISH THE NAZI SECOND FRONT SAVES TIME PRODUCING DAD FORGETS FROM THE TOP FOOD AND DRINK JUSTICE TO END IT ALL**

**HE'S A BRASSHAT, SO THEY WERE WARNED, BUT LOSING SONNY'S MEDAL SUITS HER DEEDS BEAT WORDS, SO DEPARTMENT V. DEPARTMENT**

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

EXAMPLE BULLET

EXAMPLE BULLET

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my residence including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated July 11.

P.O. Value..... Signed .....

No. ....Closing Postmark Monday, June 29. Address.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,326 or Xword No. 282, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON W.C.2 (Comp.).

## FAMILY HEALTH comes first... for household & family use

JOHN KNIGHT LTD., SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1810

## TREASURE YOUR Hercules CYCLE

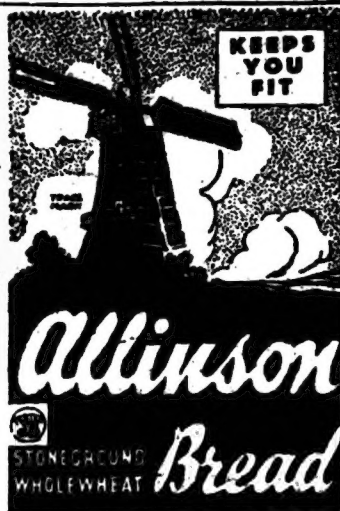


### TIGHTEN UP ALL BRAKE-NUTS REGULARLY

—and keep head-lock nut firm. A little attention to your cycle is well worth while. New cycles are scarce. A cycle today is a more valuable possession than ever before. Your cycle is a vital link in the transport system of this country. Don't weaken the link!

Issued by the firm with

THE WORLD'S RECORD CYCLE OUTPUT  
THE HERCULES CYCLE & MOTOR CO. LTD., ASTON, BIRMINGHAM



### GOOD Fruit and Sugar make good FOOD



### BATGER'S 'CHINESE' FIGS

HARD AT IT?  
MAKE SURE  
OF YOUR REST!

### THE MORE YOU WORK — THE BETTER THE SLEEP YOU NEED

You're not doing your bit if you're not really fit!

Here are two 'scientific sleep' tips to try out to-night. See how much better they make you feel in the morning!

1 Whatever your worries—think of something that makes you feel happy for at least half-an-hour before bedtime every night. Troubled sleep is unhealthy sleep.

2 Make a 'nightcup' of Bourn-vita a regular habit—it will soothe you, help digestion and calm your whole body.



Start taking these two hints to-night—and you'll find they make a world of difference to your pep and go.

With CABBURYS  
**BOURN-VITA**  
you'll  
be equal to it!  
1/5 per 1/2 lb

## "IT HAS GONE —GONE!"

### "I AM VERY GRATEFUL TO Yeast-Vite"

Watford,  
May 5th, 1942.

Dear Sirs,

I am writing to tell you of my remarkable experience with Yeast-Vite.

For almost three weeks I suffered increasingly from neuralgia in my face. The spasms, affecting the whole side of the face, came on nearly every hour. It was almost intolerable.

Then I saw your advertisement, and read "Headaches, Neuralgia"—so I bought a bottle (a fortnight ago to-day), and I took two tablets after tea, and two more before retiring. That day had been my worst, but it proved to be the last. Four tablets—and no more neuralgia. It has gone—gone.

I am very grateful and felt sure you would be glad to know my experience.

(Sgd.) E. W.

The following letter of appreciation was written by a maid to her mistress to thank her for sending some Yeast-Vite.

Pancras Road, N.W.1.

Dear Madam,

I hope you won't be annoyed with me for writing, but I feel I must let you know how well I feel after taking the Yeast-Vite tablets you sent me. I get a better night's rest. I really don't know how to thank you enough.

I told you in my last letter I was going out on the Saturday with my lovely fur on, but when Saturday came I could not move, so for the first time I took two Yeast-Vite tablets, and in less than an hour I could walk without so much pain.

Really I felt if I had wings I would have flown to you to tell you how thankful I was.

(Sgd.) M. P.

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a bottle of Yeast-Vite at once. YEAST-VITE tonic tablets are sold everywhere, now in TWO SIZES ONLY, price 1/4 and 3/3 per bottle, including Purchase Tax. Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford.



### Why not Keep FIT & SLIM This Summer

What better time could you choose for making the resolution that, with the help of Bile Beans, you're going to be more radiant, youthful and slimmer than ever before? Start now with Bile Beans—just a couple nightly. Purely vegetable, Bile Beans purify your blood, they tone up the system and gently eliminate all fat-forming food waste.

Thus, Bile Beans spells fitness and vitality and make and keep you healthily slim.

### BILE BEANS

## RELIEF and HEALING

When you apply Dettol Ointment to a septic sore or skin eruption, it calms and relieves the irritation. But, what is more important, it sinks deeply into the inflamed tissue and there attacks and destroys the germs which are the cause of the inflammation, and which by their poisons make healing both difficult and slow.

Here then is an ointment which fights for you—fights to relieve you from the pain and torment of those obstinate skin disorders which are caused or aggravated by germ infection. From the moment you apply this new curative ointment it works surely, gently and actively till all septic hindrance to clean safe healing is removed.



Dettol Ointment marks a new departure in the treatment of skin affections. It contains the active germicidal principle of 'Dettol,' the antiseptic which is used in all our great hospitals.

## DETTOL OINTMENT

From your chemist  
1/5 includes tax.